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MORE PAGES FROM THE DAY-BOOK OF BETHIA HARDACRE





MORE PAGES FROM THE DAY-BOOK OF BETHIA HARDACRE

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

PAGES FROM THE DAY-BOOK OF BETHIA HARDACRE.

THE SALTONSTALL GAZETTE.

THE SONG-BOOK OF BETHIA HARDACRE.

FROM MY WINDOW IN CHELSEA.

PRIORS' ROOTHING.

BLANCHE ESMEAD.

THE ETCHINGHAM LETTERS (WITH SIR FREDERICK POLLOCK, BART.).

1447

MORE PAGES FROM THE DAY-BOOK OF BETHIA HARDACRE

BY

ELLA FULLER MAITLAND

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TO

THE DEAR MEMORY

OF

MARY COLERIDGE

JAN 6

PREFACE

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September 12, 1907.

I

I send, I send here my supremest kiss
To thee, my silver-footed Thamesis.

OLD THAMES, do you feel solitary and neglected in these latter days?—fallen from your high poetic estate?

The poets once loved you well, and praised you constantly. They held it honourable to be called your Swans.

It is long since Spenser walked forth to ease his pain—

> Along the shore of silver-streaming Thames,
> Whose rutty bank the which his river hems
> Was painted all with variable flowers.

It is long since the shepherd Colin's song ended; since he prayed you to run softly—

> Sweet Thames, run softly till I end my song;

and you are running softly still, faithful old river, as if at your poet's bidding.

It is still longer, old Thames, since Dunbar wrote; and, addressing London to praise it, praised you too, as above all rivers, beryl-like and clear, having of all rivers most renown: you who run under great London's walls—

> Where many a Swan doth sing with wingès fair,
> Where many a barge doth sail and row with oar.

George Peele gave you beautiful lines to speak,

old river, in his Masque of ancient times, *The Device of the Pageant.*

Peele, who wrote the exquisite *Farewell to Arms*—"His golden locks time hath to silver turned"—loved you, and bade London rejoice and give to God the praise for your flood.

Do you remember the words of your part still, old Thames?—

> With silver glide my pleasant streams do run
> Where leaping fishes play betwixt the shores.

And where are your poets now?

"The chiefest river of the fairest Isle," "fair-flowing Thamesis," is now without a laureate; and where are your Swans—

> Thames hath more Swans who will his praises sing;

or again in the words of "that excellent poet," Michael Drayton—

> Our floods'-queen Thames with ships and Swans is crowned.

You now have no Swans, Thames, in the old poetic sense, any longer.

Perhaps, old river, it is as well, for the name remains sacred to the mighty singers of the past; and perhaps why the sea-birds have come over your bridges is to comfort "the chiefest river of the fairest Isle," and compensate you in some measure with their beauty, their strength, and their life, for the days when the poets were your Swans—

> For on thy waves, thy crystal billowed waves,
> My fairest fair, my silver Swan is swimming—
> Against the sun his prunèd feathers trimming.

These Swan-less days for Thames were foretold long ago—

Day-Book of Bethia Hardacre

Then when confusion in her course shall bring
  Sad desolation on the times to come :
When mirthless Thames shall have no Swans to sing,
  All music silent, and the Muses dumb.
And yet even then it must be known to some
  That once they flourisht, though not cherisht so,
  And Thames had Swans as well as ever Po.

II

THAMES, indeed, has fallen from his high poetic estate, and his laureates are numbered with the dead.

The old writers penned many a line in eulogy of Thames and the beauty and splendour of his flood, while his marriage with the Medway was sung by the poet of *The Faerie Queene.*

To celebrate that marriage all the watery Gods came: Great Neptune, Amphitrite, his queen, at his side; her pale locks glittering; her ivory shoulders decked with pearls from Indian seas. Triton blowing his trumpet went before. (In Elizabethan days not only a Pagan in a creed outworn could see old Triton blowing of his horn—the vision of Christian poets could discern Triton too.) Triton went before, and the sea-gods of the royal line followed after—they who themselves claimed to tame the billows by right of kingly descent.

To do Thames honour all the sons of Neptune—a mighty clan—assembled at their kinsman's bridal, Albion among them—

> For Albion the son of Neptune was.

Nereus was there likewise, and after him came the great rivers of the earth to do Thames, their brother, honour,—Nile, Ganges, and Euphrates—all the mighty rivers of the world.

Dainty music was heard, for Ariel, borne on

dolphins, and playing on his harp, heralded the bridegroom—

> The noble Thames with all his goodly train.

In robe of watchet hue (light blue), on which waves were interwoven, "glittering like crystal glass," crowned with a golden-fretted coronal of towers and castles, attended by the many rivers who pay him tribute and by his neighbour floods—Thames came.

From Tweed to Tamar, from Stour to Boyne, stately Severn, stormy Humber, even, did not disdain to wait on Thames—

> But both him honoured as their principal,
> And let their swelling waters low before him fall.

So honoured once was Thames.

Thames was held, also, to be the offspring of rivers loved and sung by poets; the bridal of Tame and Isis, whose son was Thames, being celebrated by one of the masters of English verse in lines perfumed with flowers.

There was never so flowery a wedding as the wedding of Tame and Isis; there was never a wedding in poetry so richly perfumed with nose-gays of blossom and garlands of sweet herbs woven by nymphs and naiads.

Primrose, azured hare-bell, woodbine, lily, "and near to that again her sister daffodilly," cowslip, oxlip, columbine, lady's-smock, clover-flower, daisy, blue corn-flower, were assigned to Tame. For the decking of Isis did the nymphs

> curiously dispose
> The red, the dainty white, the goodly damask rose.

For Isis, too, were anadems (crowns of flowers)

composed of pinks, purple violets, marigolds, sweet-williams, July flowers, sops-in-wine, lavender, rosemary, bay, sweet marjoram and sweet basil, the fleur-de-lys ; and on and on through flowing lines of fragrant verse.

The dust of Thames' poets mingles with the dust of the Abbey ; and of the living I know of none, unless it be the author of *Demeter*, who could sing of Thames in the old sweet, flower-decked classic way.

But if we can offer brave Thamesis no fit poetic tribute, we can at least strive to prevent the pollution of his flood ; so that his waters may again be beryl-like and clear ; his waves crystal-billowed once more, as when the poet, loved of poets, walked forth to ease his pain—

> Along the shore of silver-streaming Thames,
> Whose rutty bank the which his river hems
> Was painted all with variable flowers.

Good-bye for now, old river.

> O could I flow like thee and make thy stream
> My great example as it is my theme ;
> Though deep yet clear ; though gentle yet not dull ;
> Strong without rage ; without o'erflowing full.

III

THE poets of Tudor and Stewart days did not disdain to furnish entertainments for land and water pageants, and the roll of names responsible for such inventions includes those of Peele, Munday, Webster (*Monuments of Honour*), Dekker, Heywood (loved of Charles Lamb), Middleton, as well as writers of less note, such as Tatham and John Dryden's successful rival, Elkanah Settle.

Time, however, brought Dryden his revenge, as Settle, from having been the favoured poet of the Court of Charles II., sank so low—to the disgrace of the City Fathers, be it said, for whom he had written many pageants—that in his old age he had no better means of earning a livelihood than by "roaring as a dragon in a droll at Bartholomew Fair," where he kept a booth. The compassionate may be glad to know that he ended his days in comfort in the Charterhouse, dying in 1724.

The well-known Gerard Christmas was frequently employed for the construction of the annual civic pageants, and received many compliments from the poets who invented them, says the author of *Lord Mayors' Pageants*, from whose volumes I take many of the extracts describing the celebrations.

Gerard Christmas was an architect and sculptor of repute, and John and Mathias Christmas, modellers and composers, were eulogised by Heywood in

his *Londini Porta Pietatis* (1638), as "sons of that most ingenious artist, Mr. Gerard Christmas. . . . Men, as they are excellent in their art, so they are faithful in their performance."

Musicians of note lent assistance likewise.

The celebration *Aqua Triumphalis*, 1662, was set to music by "a person well known in music," John Gamble—a celebrated performer on the viola da gamba, and one of Charles II.'s four-and-twenty fiddlers.[1]

Aqua Triumphalis is the pageant in which was sung the watermen's song :—

> Let sadness fly, boys, fly !
> The King and Queen draw nigh !

In 1533 Henry VIII. invited the Mayor and the citizens to bring Anne Boleyn—whose device or badge was the white Falcon—from Greenwich to the Tower of London before her coronation ; and a brilliant water procession celebrated the event. In the pageant which followed, the white Falcon alighted upon a rose—a rose without thorns—Rosa sine spina —Henry's badge.

The land triumph two days later was even more brilliant. "The Queen came in a litter of white cloth of gold, not covered nor veiled ; it was carried by two palfries clad down to the ground, head and all, in white damask, and led by her footmen. The Queen had on a surcoat of white cloth of tissue and a mantle of the same furred with ermine. Her hair hung down, but on her head was a coif with a circlet about it full of rich stones. Over her was borne a canopy of cloth of gold, with four gilt staves and four silver bells ; for the bearing

[1] John Gamble set to music some of the lyrics of Lovelace and Thomas Stanley.

of which sixteen knights were appointed to take their turns according to arrangement." Before the Queen rode her chancellor, bare-headed, clad in crimson velvet; after her rode her chamberlain, her master of the horse, and seven ladies wearing crimson velvet and cloth of gold and tissue, their horses trapped with cloth of gold; and many another feature of equal state and splendour.

William Smythe, citizen and haberdasher (1575), has left a record of a civic procession in Elizabeth's reign:—

"The day of St. Simon and Jude" the Mayor went "by water to Westminster in most triumph-like manner." The barge in which he voyaged was adorned with the arms of the city; and near the civic barge was a ship of the Queen's Majesty, rigged like a ship of war with ordnance, standard, and pennons. Before the Lord Mayor went the barge of the livery of his own Company, and then the Bachelors' barge—the which bachelors being attired "in long gowns with crimson hoods on the shoulders," and all the barges of the company showing their arms emblazoned.

The barges on this occasion—and every barge was "to have minstrelsy"—were decorated with banners, streamers, and small pointed flags hung with "little bells at the ends, which made a goodly noise and a goodly sight." Mr. Fairholt, in *Lord Mayors' Pageants*, also prints a description of a quaint civic procession (1566), when wax torches an ell in length were carried, and the men and the musicians in the Company barge [the Ironmongers' Company] were habited in sarsenet cassocks with scarfs and *night*caps of Bruges satin drawn out with white and red. The arms of Queen Elizabeth were flown

from the main-top of this barge, and the cost of the water procession is given as £33 : 1 : 5.

Dekker was responsible for the entertainment *Troia-Nova Triumphans*, "London Triumphing" (1612). A part in the pageant was reserved for Neptune, wearing "buskins of pearls and cockle-shells" and other suitable attire. Into the sea-god's lips were put words in praise of Thames—

> Whose streame in liquid christal glides
> Guarded with troopes of Swannes.

The sea-chariot used in this pageant was "proper for a god of the sea to sit in." Dancing ships, playful dolphins and other great fishes, surrounded it. Two mermaids were seated low in Neptune's chariot, "who, for their excellency in beauty above any other creatures belonging to the sea, are preferred to be still in the eye of Neptune. At Neptune's foot sits Luna (the moon), who, being governess of the sea and all petty floods, challenges to herself this honour to have rule and command of these horses that draw the chariot, and therefore she holds their reins in her hands." The mermaids and dolphins taking part in the pageant are not, we are told, "begotten of painted cloth and brown paper, but are living beasts . . . quaintly disguised like the natural fishes."

The kings and queens of later days patronised the water pageants and processions, witnessing them from the leads of Whitehall.

In 1615 *Metropolis Coronata*, "The Triumphs of Ancient Drapery or Rich Clothing of England," was presented. Two pageants were exhibited on the

Thames, and Thamesis as well as Neptune appeared in their sea-chariots ; as did likewise "a goodly Ram or golden Fleece, the honoured crest to Drapers and Staplers," the last being in compliment to the livery of the Lord Mayor—a draper.

The Lord Mayor's Pageant for 1616 (*Chrysanaleia, the Golden Fishing*) was devised by Anthony Munday, "citizen and draper," in honour of the mayoralty of Sir John Leman of the Fishmongers' Company.

The old Company of Fishmongers bore arms appropriate to their Fellowship or "Mystery"—azure, three pairs of keys, emblematic of their patron saint, S. Peter, placed saltirewise or, and on a chief gules three dolphins argent. Sometimes we find that the dolphins were placed on the field and the crossed keys on the chief.

The various shows of this pageant (reproduced from contemporary drawings in the possession of the Worshipful Company of Fishmongers) include "a goodly and beautiful fishing-busse, called the Fishmongers' Esperanza, or Hope of London. . . . It may pass by general sufferance," says the inventor of the pageant, "for the same fishing-busse wherein S. Peter sat mending his nets . . . when called from that humble and lowly condition to be a Fisher of Men. Fishermen in the fishing-busse are seriously at labour, drawing up their nets laden with living fish and bestowing them bountifully among the people." Next followed a crowned dolphin, "because it is a fish inclined much by nature to music. Arion, a famous musician and poet, rideth on his back." Then came the King of Moors "gallantly mounted on a golden leopard, he hurling gold and silver every way about him. Before, on either side, and behind him ride six others, his tributary kings, on horseback, gorgeously attired . . . they carry ingots of gold

and silver, and each one his dart, showing thereby that the Fishmongers are not unmindful of their combined brethren, the Worthy Company of Goldsmiths, in their solemn day of triumph."

Among the other emblems a device, "London's Genius," mounted on horseback, was exhibited—"a comely youth, attired in the shape of an angell, with a golden crown on his head, golden wings at the back, bearing a golden wand in his hand." The pageant-chariot "in this our triumphal progress" was drawn by mer-men and mer-maids, "as they being supporters to the Company's coat-of-arms"; and devices were shown both on water and land.

"In the earliest London pageantries the Fishmongers' Company bore a prominent part," says Mr. Nichols in his introduction to the illustrated description of *The Fishmongers' Pageant.* "This was on reception of the news of the great victory over the Scots at Falkirk in 1298. On this occasion the citizens of London made great and solemn triumph, every one according to his craft; but especially the Fishmongers, who in a stately procession paraded through the streets, having, among other pageants and shows, four sturgeon gilded, carried on four horses; then four salmons of silver, carried on four horses; and after six and forty knights, armed, riding on horses made like lucies of the sea (the mer-lucius or pike of the sea); and lastly S. Magnus, the patron saint of the day, with a thousand horsemen; and so passed on to Leadenhall."

In 1620 *The Triumph of Peace* was exhibited on the Thames; "Ocean in his chariot drawn by sea-horses" addressing the Mayor, Sir Francis Jones, in terms appropriate to both the speaker and the hearer of the address. The second water-pageant in honour

of Sir Francis Jones's mayoralty exhibited "Pernassus Mount," the nine Muses, and Mercury; "this accompanied the Lord Mayor to Westminster with variety of music, where, while his honour was taking oath, it returned back and met him in Paul's Church-yard."

Middleton, whose *Sun in Aries* was given in 1621, makes mention that the first Lord Mayor to be rowed to Westminster by water was Sir John Norman, who thus won the admiring gratitude of the civic poets and watermen. In 1453 "he was rowed in his barge to Westminster with silver oars at his own cost and expense." Mr. Fairholt quotes the following from Fabyan's *Chronicle* under the year 1453: "This Mayor first of all Mayors brake that ancient and old-continued custom [of riding to Westminster], and was rowed thither by water, for the which the watermen made of him a roundell or song to his great praise." We are told that the barges used for civic triumphs were covered with blue cloth, those for royal processions with murrey—mulberry.

Thames personified had a foremost place in many city pageants.

I have quoted elsewhere from *The Device of the Pageant: done by George Peele, Master of Arts in Oxford*, 1585. The tract in the Bodleian Library describing this pageant is the first printed description of a Lord Mayor's Pageant.

Webster's *Monuments of Honour*, 1624, included a water-show "in manner of a Sea-Triumph." In the spectacles of the water-show, Sir Francis Drake, Sir John Hawkins, Captain Thomas Cavendish, and other famous sea-dogs, seven in all, took part, as did Oceanus, Tethys, Thamesis, and Medway—"the two rivers on whom the Lord Mayor extends his power, as far as from Staines to Rochester"; the conceit of

this device being that, in gratitude for the waters which Thamesis and Medway give to Oceanus, the sea-god "in grateful recompense returns the memory of these seven worthy captains, who have made England so famous in remotest parts of the world." A peal of sea-thunder is heard in this pageant.

In the reign of James I. some of the most splendid pageants ever invented were given on the occasion of the presence in London of Frederick Count Palatine of the Rhine, then lately arrived to marry Elizabeth, the King's only daughter.

To the great feast, included in the civic festivities, Prince Henry was invited, "and would have been there, but he was sick and could not come,"—sick of the illness which—to the grief of the nation in general and the poets in particular—ended fatally.

Dekker, more than once, had a good word for Thames. In *London's Tempe or The Field of Happiness*, 1629, the old river came in for a full meed of praise.

Oceanus appeared in this celebration seated "triumphantly in the vast (but quaint) shell of a silver scallop, reining in the heads of two wild sea-horses —proportioned to the life—their manes falling about their necks, shining with curls of gold." On the head of the god, whose hair "as his beard, is knotted, long, carelessly spread, and white, is placed a diadem of gold and silver, adorned with coral and pearls. . . . His habit is antique—the stuff watchet and silver."

Oceanus refers to Thames in these words—

> Loud echoes called me from my glittering throne
> To see the noble Thamesis—a son
> To this my queen and me.

Oceanus goes on to assure his audience that did he summon the great rivers of the world, "swift Volga," Ganges, Nilus, "long-haired Euphrates," "Tagus, whose golden hands clasp Lisbon's walls," they would weep their eyes out to see the glorious part played by Thames. The Bride of the Adriatic herself, with her gold ring and gondolets,

> A poor lantscip is
> To these full braveries of Thamesis.

London's Tempe includes many fantastic descriptions.

In the second presentation of the pageant, Oceanus and his queen, Tethys, are introduced riding on a sea-lion, "cut out of wood to the life" (the work, probably, of Gerard Christmas, for whose handicraft Dekker has much regard). The Queen wears her hair "long and dishevelled; on her head an antique sea-tyre encompassed with a coronal of gold and pearl; her garments rich and proper to her quality, with a taffety mantle fringed with silver."

The presence of Tethys is accounted for in this wise—"For why should the king of the waves be in such a glorious progress without his queen, or she without him? . . . To heighten these solemnities they appear together," attended by a mermaid, merman, and several fishes.

Cupid was presented in this pageant. He sat in a forge, "on his head a curled yellow hair, his eyes hid in lawn; a bow and quiver his armour; wings at his back; his body in light colours, a changeable silk mantle crossing it; golden and silver arrows are ever and anon reached up to him, which he shoots upwards into the air." The pamphlets descriptive of those entertainments were usually written in the present tense.

The pageant for 1631 was the invention of Webster's beloved friend Heywood. It included a water-show, and contained representations of Ulysses and the sirens, dragons, and serpents.

The pageant for 1633, *Londini Emporia*, written also by Heywood, and constructed by Gerard Christmas, showed Thames seated in a sea-chariot "beautiful and adorned with shell-fish of sundry fashion and splendour." Thames was surrounded with water-nymphs, and his chariot was drawn by griffins. In his address to the Lord Mayor he, styling himself the "best of Neptune's sons," declares that his tides never ran so clear as on that day, and after gracious reference to the "barges, ensigns, trumpets, fyfe, and drum" of the pageant, goes on to say—

> Methinks you make me young again to view
> Old customs kept, and (in them) all things new.

The device of 1637, again written by Heywood, was entitled *London's Mirror*, and it likewise included a water-show.

S. Katherine, introduced as the patron saint of the Company of Haberdashers, was "drawn in a sea-chariot by two sea-horses with divers other adornments to beautify the piece."

The saint announced that, while she had frequently been borne in state through the populous streets seated on a lion, she had never appeared on the water before. She further explained that Neptune had sent her with two of his best sea-horses to excuse his absence; and while assuring the Lord Mayor of the safety of his traffic, S. Katherine, in reference to Thames, added that—

> Every tide he'll on your errands run.

IV

PURITANISM temporarily stamped out the pageants (while it stabled troopers' horses in S. Paul's Cathedral), and the annual record ceased during the Commonwealth, Mr. Fairholt states. But, to quote from the same authority, "a restoration of the City pageantry took place in 1655 upon the mayoralty of Sir John Dethick of the Mercers' Company, who exhibited the old realisation of the Company's arms—the crowned virgin on horseback."

This pageant, *Charity Triumphant, or the Virgin-Show*, displaying the Virgin and her pages "in satin all from head to feet," had strangely little in common with Puritanism—

> See how she rides! see how she comes!
> Alarum'd in with fifes and drums!

and with fifes and drums, with barges in blue, and the Lord Mayor's barge flying red and white streamers, the pageant of 1655 was exhibited.

The celebration of 1656 was entitled *London's Triumph*. The entertainment included a water-fight. "The several barges went with drums beating and trumpets sounding and a variety of other music to take the ear; while the flags and silver pendants made a sight delectable to the beholders." In the pageant that followed Moors were represented riding panthers and "attired in the habit of their country." Virgins "arrayed in cloth of silver, with their hair

dishevelled and coronets on their heads," were also introduced, as well as satyrs and the god Orpheus, "in an antique attire playing on his harp," to the sweet melody of which music, danced lions, tigers, leopards, and other beasts. The first pageant was accompanied by a giant, twelve feet in height, who "went before the pageant for the delight of the people."

In the account of the entertainment of that day given in Daniel's *Merrie England of the Olden Time*, we read that "when the barges wherein the soldiers were came right against Whitehall they saluted the Lord Protector and his Council with several rounds of musketry, which the Lord Protector answered with 'signal testimonies of his grace and courtesy.' And returning to Whitehall after the Lord Mayor had taken the oath of office before the Barons of the Exchequer, the Lord Protector was saluted with 'another volley.'"

After the Restoration the pageants were again annually exhibited, and, as Mr. Fairholt happily puts it, the "political versatility" of at least one city poet "would have done honour to the Vicar of Bray himself."

In 1660 John Tatham's *Royal Oak* was given. In this entertainment, nymphs, sirens, tritons, sea-chariots, and many other familiar properties were once more shown.

The Mayor, Aldermen, and their satellites travelled in barges "adorned with streamers and banners, and fitted with hautbois, cornets, drums, and trumpets, . . . and by the way his Lordship is saluted with twenty pieces of ordnance as peals of entertainment and joy." At Whitehall the pageant displayed, among other figures, Oceanus. "To show his Majesty, he walks or treads upon his watery

regiment." Tritons and sundry fishes were discovered sporting round the feet of the king of the sea. Four virgins were in attendance "cloathed in white loose garments, and their brows circled with sage, representing the nymphs that frequent rivers. Upon his Lordship's approach Oceanus addresseth him," and refers to London's river as—

Silver Thames,
So much admired and loved by royal James.

Mr. Fairholt in a marginal note gives Camden's authority for the great love which King James bore this river. In the celebration of 1603 when James entered the City of London, the genius of the city and Thamesis were the only speakers.

A speech was spoken by Thames, and songs were sung by seamen in the pageant of 1661.

John Tatham was responsible for *Aqua Triumphalis*, August 22, 1662, "expressed and set forth in several shows and pageants."

In this entertainment, when the City of London entertained the King or Queen, the first grand pageant was on the river at Chelsea, the second between Foxhall (Vauxhall) and Lambeth, the third at the private stairs at Whitehall. Isis with her water-nymphs was shown seated in a sea-chariot drawn by sea-horses. Thames was also shown attended by water-nymphs, "one bearing on her head 'the figure of Greenwich Castle,' the other 'the figure of Windsor Castle.'" Thames addressed a lengthy rhymed speech to their Majesties, and the songs of the entertainment were those composed by John Gamble, of whom mention has already been made as a "person well known in music."

One of the last of the civic pageantries in which

Thames was personified was that of 1701 on the mayoralty of Sir Walter Gore.

Among the pageants of this celebration Neptune was exhibited attended by four tritons and four rivers—Thames, Danube, Rhine, and Tiber." The famous "Maiden Chariot," so long, says Mr. Fairholt, "the feature of the Mercers' Mayoralties," was also displayed in all its glory.

"Twenty lictors, with silver helmets, fasces, and axes," marched before the "Maiden Chariot," which was drawn by nine white horses—while "forty more inferior attendants make way and sweep before it."

The pageants of the following year were, Mr. Fairholt states, "got up with much state and expense by the Vintners' Company," and written by Elkanah Settle. The descriptive pamphlet for the celebration of 1702, which includes many quaint features, winds up with a song in honour of Queen Anne and the Company of Vintners.

For this celebration Settle's genius did not stop short of the introduction of S. Martin wearing a large scarf and mantle of scarlet, followed by cripples and beggars "supplicating for his charity," and preceded by twenty satyrs dancing and playing on tambours. Two persons in rich liveries walked by his side; the halberdiers with rural music went before him; and ten Roman lictors in silver head-pieces, with axes and fasces, marched before the Company until they reached the wide part of S. Paul's Churchyard, where the Saint addressed the Lord Mayor, having first satisfied the beggars with portions of his scarf and the following lines—

> Cease, cease your mournful cries, and to relieve
> Your want take this: 'tis all I have to give.

Sic transit gloria mundi; the newspapers to-day

tell that the old state barge which had conveyed so many Mayors to Westminster is now lying in Deptford Victualling Yard "waiting to be broken up for firewood."

I take the following list of City Laureates from Daniel's *Merrie England in the Olden Time* :—

George Peele, Anthony Munday (who continued Stow's *Survey of London*), Thomas Dekker, Thomas Middleton, John Squire, John Webster, Thomas Heywood, John Taylor (the water-poet—one of Ben Jonson's poetical sons), Edward Gayton and T. B. (the writer from whom I quote states that nothing is known of T. B. beyond the fact that he as well as Gayton were Commonwealth bards), John Tatham, Thomas Jordan, Matthew Taubman, and Elkanah Settle, whose chequered career included roaring as a dragon—"a dragon of green leather, of his own invention"—in a droll entitled *St. George for England.*

Elkanah Settle did not fall into poverty owing to the lack of endeavour to retrieve his fortune, seemingly. "He was wont, when he published any party poem," says the author of *The Origin of the English Drama*, "to send copies round to all the chiefs of his party, accompanied with addresses in order to get pecuniary presents from them. Settle had latterly one standard elegy and epithalamium printed off with blanks which he filled up with the names of any considerable person who either died or married, in order to extort money from them or their families."

Dr. Young, in his epistle to Pope, makes reference to Settle's personification "inclosed in a case of green leather" as follows :—

> Poor Elkanah, all other changes past,
> For bread, in Smithfield dragons hissed at last.

Day-Book of Bethia Hardacre

The pageant for Lord Mayor's Day, 1711, was the last of the pamphlets describing the celebration which was printed as a separate publication. This pageant was never exhibited owing to the death of Prince George of Denmark.

I learn from Hone's *Ancient Mysteries* that Sir Gilbert Heathcote was the last Lord Mayor who rode on horseback in the civic processions.[1]

The author of *London Pageants* points out that the modern successors of pageants are the transparencies exhibited on nights of illumination; for on November 12, 1740, the anniversary of Admiral Vernon's birthday, "there were bonfires and illuminations, and at Chancery Lane end was a pageant whereon was represented General Vernon and a Spaniard on his knees offering him a sword."

I will close this section of my Day-book, as the author above cited closes his volume, *London Pageants*, with the pious City motto—

Domine Dirige Nos.

[1] This was in 1711. The last procession of gilded barges up the river was in 1858.

V

Once upon a time my reading way led me to *Britannia's Pastorals*; and before I had gone very far I found myself fascinated, not only by the poetry, but by the personality of the author.

It is not surprising that "Willie" Browne endeared himself to his friends and even to his new acquaintances. "To my honest father, Mr. Michael Drayton, *and my new, yet loved, friend*, Mr. Will Browne, A. H. wishes a health," runs the dedication of a poem by Abraham Holland. "To his better beloved than known friend Mr. Browne" is the title of some commendatory verses by John Onley; and as we read the poetry of the seventeenth century and learn a little of the lives and friendship of the contemporary writers, a personality here and there impresses us as attractive, as well as gifted, and such a one is the personality of William Browne.

Love of nature, finely-tempered humanity, humour—that humorous melancholy which is the outcome of the sensitiveness that goes to make the humorist—such are the characteristics that we read between the lines William Browne penned, as well as in the testimony of his friends; and his friends were a distinguished company, including Drayton, Selden, Ben Jonson (whose *Underwoods* includes lines *To my dearly beloved friend, Master Browne, on his Pastorals*), Chapman, Daniel, Christopher

Brooke, and Wither, the Roget of the *Pastorals* and *Eclogues*.

William Browne was patriotic, too, with a patriotism as sane and splendid as that of Shakespeare or Drayton. He wrote proudly, as well as lovingly of what he saw; and what he saw was England, and essentially Devon, even though great Pan himself, Thetis, nymphs, fauns, and birds and beasts endowed with magical properties played their part upon his poetic stage.

Patriotism seems to be an attribute interwoven with the very fibre of the Elizabethan poets and their "children" in poetry. They were insular, perhaps; but to belong to an island, since that island was England, was their boast, not their reproach. And who but the most surly pro-everything-but-England could fail to love the England the old writers knew—an England of glades and groves, vast forests and rich pasture-land; an England threaded with silver rivers—Thames' waves were of pure silver then—and on the silvered waves Swans innumerable floated.

For flowers, too, the poets of the old days owned a rare garden:—

"Violets dim and sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes or Cynthia's breath"; "daffodils that come before the swallow dares, and take the winds of March with beauty"; "carnations, the fairest flowers o' the season"; the "richer cowslip" that "maids kiss and then bring home"; "the orange-tawny marigold," musk roses, Provençal roses; roses, "not royal in their smells alone, but in their hue"; "roses damasked, red and white"; "lilies of all kinds, the flower-de-Luce being one"; the "azured hare-bell, blue as Fidèle's veins"; pansies, that "little western flower, before milk-white, now purple

with love's wound," and myriads more in the poets', the shepherds', the herbalists' calendar.

Elizabethan England was rich in forest trees, and rich in fruitful and flowering trees as well,—(the quince, the "clustered filbert," the apricot, the mulberry (the wisest tree, "his black from Thisbe taking").

. . . . The CEDAR proud and tall,
The VINE, propped ELM, the POPLAR never dry,
The builder OAK, sole king of forests all,
The ASPEN good for staves, the CYPRESS funeral ;

The LAUREL, meed of mighty conquerors
And poets' sage; the FIR that weepeth still ;
The WILLOW worn of forlorn paramours,
The YEW obedient to the bender's will,
The BIRCH for shafts, the SALLOW for the mill.

. . . . . .
The war-like BEECH, the ASH for nothing ill.

Spenser was "Willie" Browne's beloved father in poetry, and the lines below show his parentage and descent through Spenser from Chaucer :—

There stood the ELM, whose shade, so mildly dim,
Doth nourish all that groweth under him.

. . . . . .
The heavy-headed PLANE tree, by whose shade
The grass grows thickest—men are fresher made ;
The OAK that best endures the thunder shocks,
The everlasting EBENE, CEDAR, BOX.

. . . . . .
The war-like YEW, by which (more than the lance)
The strong-armed English spirits conquer'd France.

. . . . . .
The cold-place loving BIRCH and SERVICE tree,
The WALNUT loving vales, and MULBERRY,
The MAPLE, ASH, that do delight in fountains
Which have their currents by the side of mountains.

. . . . . .
The thick-grown HAWTHORN and the binding BRIER,
The HOLLY that outdares cold winter's ire.

Fuller testifies to the care which was bestowed upon trees in the reigns of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth—"when woods were in a far better condition than nowadays."

As Spenser welcomed Daniel, so Drayton welcomed William Browne—

> Drive forth thy flock, young pastor, to that plain
> Where our old shepherds wont their flocks to feed;
> To those clear walks where many a skilful swain
> To'ards the calm ev'ning tun'd his pleasant reed.

And William Browne obeyed the request of his friend. His muse led him to the plain where the old shepherds were wont to feed their flocks, to the clear walks where, at evening, Spenser, Sidney, and many a skilful swain had tuned his pleasant reed.

In *Britannia's Pastorals* we are in England, but it is the England of romance and of fairy, and there is unity in the variety, the "variety in unity" which signifies art, given by the fusing power of a poetic mind.

"The story of the Pastorals, if story there be, is naught. . . . But to lovers of our old poets *Britannia's Pastorals* will always be a favourite lounging book. They know that at whatever page they open they have not far to travel before they find entertainment." So writes Mr. Bullen in his delightful introduction to *The Muses Library* edition of the works of William Browne.

The reader of *Britannia's Pastorals* finds himself indeed wandering in a vast, beautiful, and bewildering maze, wherein he comes at every few paces upon some curious or gaily-coloured spectacle—an entertainment after the fashion of an old device or masque.

In this succession of quaint pageants the wanderer meets "all beauteous ladies," wood-nymphs, mermaids with sea-green hair, a hapless damsel, a shepherd's swain, whose only revenue is his "train of milk-white sheep," a shepherdess, her "flaxen hair crowned by an anadem," a benevolent water-god, Cupids—

> A many Cupids, each set on his Swan,
> Guided with reins of gold and silver twist
> The spotless birds about them as they list;

the nymph of the river clad in her green-silk frock and mantle fringed with "rich and twisted gold"; maidens who deck up their windows with flowers of many hues—

> Like to the changes which we daily see
> About the dove's neck with variety;

a dame,

> fair as the morn
> Or lovely blooms the PEACH tree that adorn;

"Fair silver-footed Thetis," Triton, Charon, a cruel monster, King Oberon, "shag-haired satyrs," "tripping fauns" (the "shag-haired satyrs and the tripping fauns"), "gallant stags," "well-fleeced flocks," a fairy troop — the fairies of *Britannia's Pastorals* are rarely accomplished.

Among other enchanted places we find ourselves in a scented grove—scented with aromatic buds and flowers sweeter than those of Araby, or "all the ointments brought from Delos Isle."

When we are well lost in the labyrinth of *Britannia's Pastorals*, the poets are introduced to us by name—"divinest Spenser," Sidney, Chapman, Ben Jonson, "all-loved Drayton," "well-languaged

Daniel," Brooke, Wither; and wherever we go we hear the song of birds innumerable; we also hear an elegy on the death of Prince Henry of Wales, and a lament for "our hero, honoured Essex." Queen Elizabeth enters into the entertainment, and in a song of which the argument runs—

> A Redbreast doth from pining save
> Marina shut in Famine's cave—

the fame is sung of the great sea-captains, Grenville, Gilbert, Hawke, "the Drake."

Immediately afterwards we come upon a bevy of sea-nymphs learning of fishermen to knit nets—

> Wherein to wind up their dishevell'd hairs.

Then, by the entreaties of "the fair queen of the liquid plains," we hear a pretty shepherd chant a sad ditty, as a sample of which the following lines may be taken :—

> Upon the waves of late a silver Swan
> By me did ride,
> And thrillèd with my woes forthwith began
> To sing, and died.

It must be confessed that in *Britannia's Pastorals* we are for ever losing our way and failing to find it. But what matter. We are happy in our wanderings, and no one in a hurry would, I imagine, ever attempt to read the old "lounging book."

As to the author, he does not for a moment pretend to keep to the matter-of-fact highway of life or letters, but likens his digressions to a maiden gone out to gather blossoms, and

> Seen far off to stray if she have spied
> A flower that might increase her posy's pride.

Day-Book of Bethia Hardacre

William Browne's muse was for ever seeing "a flower that might increase her posy's pride," and she gathered in her treasures with an eager hand.

Plenty of leisure, a taste for old verse, a disposition to admire pastoral poetry, a love of birds, beasts, trees, and flowers, will ensure enjoyment of this poetic treat.

In regard to the birds, from every bush and branch we hear the singing of birds in William Browne's covers. He loved birds as well as did Chaucer and Spenser; and the Robin Redbreast in particular plays a prominent part among the "persons represented."

It was the intervention of the Robin Redbreast which preserved the unhappy maid Marina from death by starvation, when, incarcerated in Famine's Cave, she could only view the world without through a loophole in the rock.

We meet this "loving bird" "sweetly singing on a well-leaved thorn"—

> No sooner had the bird the maiden eyed,
> But leaping on the rock, down from the bough
> He takes a cherry up (which he but now
> Had thither brought and on that place had laid
> Till to the cleft his song had brought the maid),
> And flying with the small stem in his bill
> (A choicer fruit than hangs on Bacchus' hill),
> In fair Marina's bosom took his rest,
> A heavenly seat fit for so sweet a guest.

But, alas, for Marina's little friend—

> One rosy morn
> The willing Redbreast, flying through a thorn,
> Against a prickle gored his tender side
> And in an instant so, poor creature, died.

Yet in the magical atmosphere of *Britannia's*

Pastorals, the Robin, like many a creature in a less romantic world, accomplished by dying more than living he had achieved. Having lost her feathered almoner—

> The fair Marina, almost spent
> With grief and fear of future famishment,

gave utterance to such heart-rending cries that no less a goddess than Thetis was moved by the piteous sound to commit the captive's deliverance to Triton. Triton proved equal to the occasion. No sooner was he set on shore than he found the cave, removed the rocky door, and set the prisoner free—

> For whose relief from imminent decay
> My muse awhile will here keep holiday.

The precincts haunted by chivalrous Robins and sympathetic Nightingales was the country, too, of countless charming Fairies,—Fairies with an appreciation of the Poets; for within the Courts of Faëry the walls were hung with tapestry woven by the hand of

> many a girl
> Of the sweet Fairy ligne,[1]

and in addition to the triumphs and revellings of Oberon, depicted in the tapestry woven in Fairy looms, a pretty compliment to the author of *The Faerie Queene* was included—an image of Spenser—

> The learnèd Spenser on a little hill
> Curiously wrought, lay, as he turned his quill.

True to their good old custom, the Fairies of this Devon pastoral made use of a mushroom for a

[1] Lineage.

dinner-table; and it was "a little elf, if possible far lesser than itself," who brought in the table-cloth fashioned from white rose-leaves. The curious in Fairy table-appointments may like to know that the glasses of the dinner-service were cut out of ice thinner than any that can "the sea-betrothed Venetian" show, and cherry stones served for bottles—

> To each a seed pearl servèd for a screw,
> And most of them were filled with early dew.

Here is the entrance of his Majesty of Fairydom as described by William Browne—and the description need not be despised by admirers of Shakespeare's or Drayton's elves—

> Next followed on
> The Fairy nobles ushering Oberon,
> Their mighty King, a prince of subtle power,
> Clad in a suit of speckled gilliflower,
> His hat by some choice master in the trade
> Was (like a helmet) of a lily made,
> His ruff a daisy was, so neatly trim,
> As if of purpose it had grown for him.
> . . . . .
> His girdle, not three times as broad as thin,
> Was of a little trout's self-spangled skin,
> His boots (for he was booted at that tide)
> Were fitly made of half a squirrel's hide.
> His cloak was of the velvet-flower and lined
> With flow'r-de-Luces of the choicest kind.

The repast ended, the king, good falconer as he was, called for the Hawks: the Hawks were Water Wagtails.

With the exception of the Robin Redbreast, Philomel was William Browne's favourite among the birds. The sad, sweet Nightingale, the "all-voice Nightingale," the "delightful Nightingale," the "rueful Nightingale," is introduced again and again.

We have other charming bird-pictures in these pleasaunces—

> The fair downy silver-coated Swan.
>
> The well-plum'd Goshawk (by the Egyptians grave)
> Used in their mystic characters for speed.

And the Turtle-dove—

> Singing sad dirges on her lifeless love.

This is one of the many Nightingales—

> All things were hushed, each bird slept on his bough,
> And night gave rest to him day tired at plough;
> Each beast, each bird, and each day-toiling wight
> Received the comfort of the silent night;
> Free from the gripes of sorrows every one,
> Except poor Philomel and Doridon.
> She on a thorn sings sweet though sighing strains;
> He on a couch, more sad, more soft complains.

To the song of Philomel the summer night passed till such time as when

> the lily-handed morn
> Saw Phœbus stealing dew from Ceres' corn.

It was with a humorous smile on his lips that William Browne wrote his *Musical Concert of Birds*—

> The lofty treble sung the little Wren;
> Robin, the mean, that best of all loves men;
> The Nightingale the tenor, and the Thrush
> The counter-tenor sweetly in a bush;
> And that the music might be full in parts,
> Birds from the groves flew with right willing hearts.

For the production of "some droning parts" a bird ambassador was despatched to the King of Bees—

> Who, condescending, gladly flew along
> To bear the bass to his well-tunèd song.

The Crow, too, unbent—

> The Crow was willing they should be beholding
> For his deep voice ; but being hoarse with scolding,
> He thus lends aid : upon an oak doth climb
> And nodding with his head, so keepeth time.
> . . . . .
> Had nature unto man such simpless given,
> He would, like birds, be far more near to Heaven,

adds the author, in parenthesis.

William Browne was a happy poet in the accident of his birth and in his environment. He came of gentle parentage. His lines fell in pleasant places. Crushing penury was never his lot. Yet there is melancholy and the nostalgia, noted by more than one critic, underlying the Fairy pageantry of his poetry. And truly, as Mr. Hazlitt points out, the writings of his maturer years contain many allusions to "the ravages which death had made in the ranks of his early friends, the forlornness of his destiny, and his disappointment in love."

Sometimes the melancholy may be accepted as the artificial, and humorous, melancholy of the author's pose, as when, for instance, the birds are dismissed, unless—

> Any be inclined
> To sing a song as sad as I,
> Let that sad bird be now so kind
> As stay and bear me company,
> And we will strive which shall outgo,
> Love's heavy strains or my sad woe.

And again—

> Ye nymphs of Thames, if any Swan
> Be ready now her last to sing,
> O bring her hither, if ye can,
> And sitting by us in a ring
> Spend each a sigh while she and I
> Together sing, together die.

But that his sky was often clouded we may believe from the fact that he lost his first wife and also his two sons of his second marriage. Then as a patriot who had lived in "great Eliza's" reign he felt to the quick the public indignities and multifold degradation that his country suffered under the rule of the Stewarts. In addition to these causes for melancholy, a sensitive, impressionable temperament and pitiful heart do not conduce to a placid contentment in the present, or a sanguine outlook for the future.

We cannot read his poems without becoming sensible of this tender-hearted pity for all that suffer.

In the coursing with greyhounds he writes of the "*poor* hare"; his sympathy is with the "sweet thrush," despoiled of her young; with the bird that lies panting when the shepherd boy's shaft has pierced her breast. Perhaps two of his sonnets show best this vein of loving-kindness and sense of the needless cruelty of man—

I saw a silver Swan swim down the lee,
Singing a sad farewell unto the vale,
While fishes leapt to hear her melody,
And on each thorn a gentle Nightingale,
And many other birds forbore their notes,
Leaping from tree to tree as she along
The panting bosom of the torrent floats,
Rapt with the music of her dying song;
When from a thick and all-entangled spring
A neatherd rude came with no small ado
(Dreading an ill-presage to hear her sing)
And quickly struck her slender neck in two.
Whereat the birds (methought) flew thence with speed
And inly grieved for such a cruel deed.



Day-Book of Bethia Hardacre

Within the compass of a shady grove
I long time saw a loving Turtle fly,
And lastly pitching by her gentle Love,
Sit kindly billing in his company :
Till (hapless souls) a Falcon sharply bent,
Flew towards the place where these kind wretches stood,
And severing them, a fatal accident,
She from her mate flung speedy through the wood ;
And, scaping from the Hawk, a fowler, set
Close and with cunning underneath the shade,
Entrapt the harmless creature in his net,
And, nothing movèd with the plaint she made,
Restrained her from the groves and deserts wide,
Where overgone with grief, poor bird, she died.

VI

"THERE has never been a time," says Mr. Edmund Gosse in his *Essay on English Pastoral Poetry*, "when William Browne, the laureate of Devonshire, has failed to command a select body of admirers, but it was not until our own day that his place in English literature began to be defined. This amiable and beloved man, who 'carried a great mind in a little body,' sent out the first part of his famous *Britannia's Pastorals* from the Inner Temple when he was a youth of twenty-three. He had been exiled for several years from the tors and hurrying streams and bosky wildernesses in which his childhood had been spent, and the echo of the bubbling Tavy filled his ears in memory, and tuned his tongue. A sort of haunting nostalgia inspires these Devonian's pastorals, and while Browne thought that he was singing on the traditional oaten pipe, his strong love for the peculiar scenery of the slopes of Dartmoor was encouraging him to produce a new and essentially modern species of poetry. . . . Still more credit is due to Browne for being the first man to celebrate the minute details of country life, not as part of the setting of a poem on human passion, but as in themselves entirely worthy of occupying a considerable work. It is this curious quality in the imagination of Browne which has led his latest panegyrist, Mr. W. T. Arnold, to compare him to Wordsworth—a startling and apparently paradoxical

criticism, to which, on reflection, we are bound to give in our adhesion."

In further criticism of the works of William Browne Mr. Arnold shows that the author of *Britannia's Pastorals*, himself an antiquary, was a diligent student of early English poetry, his knowledge of Occleve being at the time he wrote probably unique. That he had studied Chaucer closely Mr. Arnold brings conclusive evidence to prove, and goes on to say, "Still more familiar to Browne than the *Canterbury Tales* were Shakespeare's plays and poems. Reminiscences of Shakespeare might easily be pointed out in his heroic verse, and a still closer study is apparent in certain of the songs scattered about his *Britannia's Pastorals*."

For evidence of admiration for Spenser and for Sidney we have the repeated tribute of William Browne's own verse.

As the influence of the older poets is apparent in the writings of the author of *Britannia's Pastorals*, so are tokens of his influence to be found in the compositions of those who came after him. Had he never lived—or rather never written—a very distinctive note might have escaped English verse. The muse of Milton, Herrick, Keats, and Wordsworth have all some affinity with the muse of the poet who was "at once a pagan and a protestant," whose vision included both the realistic delights of the country-side and the world of Faery, who included both "literal fact and classical reminiscence" in his poetic achievements.

The affinity which *Comus* bears to the *Inner Temple Masque* has been pointed out by various critics. Mr. Hazlitt, who states that a copy of the folio edition of *Britannia's Pastorals* was offered for sale in 1851 with MS. notes, "unquestionably in

the hand of Milton," reproduces some of these annotations with the text.

"The contrarieties of women" is Milton's commentary on the line—

> And never love except thou be beloved.

"The excellency of our English poets" is the margin note to the lines—

> There will she anchor cast to hear the songs
> Of English shepherds.

It requires no elucidatory aid from the critics to be reminded by William Browne's beautiful threnody on the death of Thomas Manwood of Milton's elegy on the friend drowned while crossing the Irish Channel. This ode, says Mr. Gosse, forms a link between Shakespeare's sonnets and *Lycidas*.

I have never come across any reference to the traces of William Browne's influence on the verse of Herrick, and the technique of the elder poet is clumsy indeed compared to the exquisite art of the Vicar of Dean Prior; yet to go straight from the pages of *Britannia's Pastorals* to the nature-poems of the *Hesperides* is to be brought face to face with noticeable similarity of vision and phrasing. I think it is difficult to doubt that Herrick knew *Britannia's Pastorals* intimately: see his "lily-wristed morn" and the "lily-handed morn" of the *Pastorals*, etc., while, for cadence, were such a passage as the following (an appeal to the "blessèd Muses") found in the *Hesperides*, I doubt if one reader out of ten would question the authorship—

> Dwell on my lines, and till the last sand fall
> Run, hand in hand, with my weak pastoral;
> Cause every coupling cadence flow in blisses,
> And fill the world with envy of such kisses.

Echoes of William Browne's verse are met with in Carew's poems ; and, in regard to a like influence upon Keats, Mr. Arnold, among other instances of close study, says, "I do not think that any one can read the lines of Browne beginning, 'And as a lovely maiden pure and chaste,' without being convinced that Keats had them in mind when he wrote the lines on Madeline in *St. Agnes' Eve.*" Mr. Arnold also makes plain that it was the description of the Priest of Pan in *Britannia's Pastorals* which "suggested some touches in the picture of the same personage in the first book of *Endymion.*"

Keats prefixed a motto from the *Pastorals* to his *Epistles.*

Mr. Hazlitt was, I think, the first of modern critics to claim for William Browne that most perfect of epitaphs, the epitaph on the Countess-Dowager of Pembroke, "Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother."

The epitaph, having been included in an eighteenth-century edition of rare Ben Jonson's poems (Peter Whalley's, 1756), was ascribed to the same author by Gifford in 1816.

"There can be slight doubt that they were from Browne's pen," Mr. Hazlitt wrote, referring to the lines in a note to his edition of the poet's works printed for the Roxburghe Library, 1869 ; and to William Browne they were ascribed by his contemporaries.

In Aubrey's *Brief Lives*, set down by Aubrey between the years 1669 and 1696, there is the following entry :—

"An epitaph on the Lady Mary, Countess of Pembroke (in print somewhere), by William Browne, who wrote the *Pastorals*, whom William, Earl of

Pembroke, preferred to be tutor to the first Earl of Carnarvon (Robert Dormer)."

The epitaph is printed below :—

> Underneath this sable hearse
> Lies the subject of all verse,
> Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother.

Since writing the draft of these notes I have become possessed of Mr. Philip Sidney's interesting essay, *The Subject of All Verse*, wherein are marshalled the facts which go to prove that the epitaph on Lady Sidney was written by William Browne.

The author of the essay points out that the lines in question are to be found in the manuscript issue of William Browne's poems preserved in the library of the British Museum : "The edition has the date 1650 inscribed on the title-page, whilst the whole poem is printed in the same calligraphy as the others in the volume, and there remains nothing to show that it has been interpolated into the text." Then follows the poem transcribed from the original :—

> Underneath this sable hearse
> Lies the subject of all verse,
> Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother ;
> Death, ere thou hast slain another
> Ffaire and learned and good as she,
> Tyme shall throw a dart at thee.

Mr. Sidney goes on to give the six concluding lines ; but, as they spoil the perfect, rounded beauty of the epitaph, I have not the heart to tack them to it without a break.

Of these concluding lines Mr. Hazlitt says, "In the manuscript the epitaph is followed by a second stanza which, from appearing among the poems of Lord Pembroke in the collected volume of

1660, may be presumed to be properly the composition of that nobleman "—

> Marble pile let no man raise
> To her name ; for after days
> Some kind woman born as she
> Reading this, like Niobe,
> Shall turn marble and become
> Both her mourner and her tomb.

Unequal as are the writings of William Browne, I prefer to believe that Lord Pembroke was responsible for the six lines given above, though the evidence of the calligraphy is, I fear, damning.

In regard to the disputed authorship of the first stanza, there is a close similarity of wording in other epitaphs by Ben Jonson and William Browne.

The line in Ben Jonson's well-known epitaph on Elizabeth L. H., which runs—

> Underneath this stone doth lie,

is closely followed by William Browne's epitaph on Mrs. El. Y.—

> Underneath this stone there lies.

The formula, with trifling variations, became a common one, as may be seen by any student of sixteenth and seventeenth century monumental inscriptions.

But now that Mr. Bullen, Mr. Henry Morley, and the editors of *The New Oxford Treasury of Prose and Verse* have taken from Ben Jonson what was never his and restored the most beautiful epitaph in the language to the author of *Britannia's Pastorals*, we may feel that "Willie" Browne has come to his own again.

In respect to other elegiac verse by the same

author, there is more than quaintness in the lines *On Mr. Vaux the Physician*—

> Stay, this grave deserves a tear;
> 'Tis not a corse but life lies here;
> Maybe thine own at least some part,
> And thou the walking marble art.
> 'Tis Vaux! whom art and nature gave
> A power to pluck men from the grave.
> . . . . . .
> 'Tis he lies here, and thou and I
> May wonder he found time to die,
> So busied was he and so rife
> Distributing both health and life.
> Honour his marble with your tears,
> You to whom he hath added years,
> You whose life's light he was about
> So careful, that his own went out.

Better known is the epitaph supposed to be on the poet's first wife, *In Obitum M. S., X. Maij* 1614—

> May! be thou never graced with birds that sing
> Nor Flora's pride;
> In thee all flowers and roses spring,
> Mine only died.

William Browne, like many another of his contemporaries, wrote an elegy *On the Bewailed Death of Henry Prince of Wales*, than whom no prince was ever more sincerely mourned by the poets.

The place of William Browne's burying is not known. His ashes do not lie in the Abbey with those of his "heart's friend," Michael Drayton, and his father in poetry, Edmund Spenser.

And perhaps, although the author of *Britannia's Pastorals* was an honoured member of that company of singers who, dying, bequeathed a priceless heritage of song, it is in accordance with the eternal harmony of things that the walls of the Great Church at

Westminster do not enshrine all that was mortal of "William Browne who wrote the *Pastorals.*"

He loved the country best, and if he visited, as the verse of the time suggests, his friend Roget in the Marshalsea during the latter's many imprisonments, he went home betimes I feel sure "to fold his sheep."

"Willie" Browne hated disturbance and noise; see his lines *An Epistle occasioned by the most intolerable jangling of the Papists' bells on All Saints' Night.*

From Oxford, Wilton, Surrey, at the end, I think, he turned homewards to quench his nostalgia and lie him down for his last sleep in peace.

Some country churchyard, some God's-acre, in his beloved Devonshire, where bees hum and birds sing—the "loving Robin" and the "all-voice Nightingale,"—where clover scents the turf and the soft air of Devon is fragrant with the perfume of blossoming trees and sweet flowers, is his most meet resting-place.

Requiescat in Pace, "Willie" Browne.

After writing the above I learned from the author of *The Subject of all Verse* that, in the lines on Lord Herbert of Shurland, William Browne himself gives conclusive evidence that he composed the epitaph on Lady Sidney.

SNOWDROPS

I think of all the flowers,
  I love the snowdrops best,
That come in sunless hours,
  By no soft winds caressed.

I think to hearts afraid
  The snowdrops say, "Behold
How, with no earthly aid,
  Pure, beauteous we unfold."

THE VOICE OF SPRING

I cannot speak the words I hear,
  The tune I cannot sing;
It is a note from far, from near,
  Of joy, of sorrowing.

Gayer than children's mirth it is,
  Sadder than mourners' sighs,
Wrought of all anguish and all bliss
  That in the unknown lies.

"FICKLE AND FAITHFUL HEART"

Fickle and faithful heart
Meet but with tears to part;
The fickle heart wins all,
Nor heeds what may befall;
The faithful heart wins nought—
Giving what once was sought.
Fickle and faithful heart
Meet but with tears to part.

VII.

"HERE in this street we live in a cul-de-sac, so if we want to go south, we must go north first," some one said to me the other day.

In a figurative sense my friend's statement applies to many of us. Looking back, we can see that by travelling due north we have sometimes reached the south, for this is an "Alice-through-the-looking-glass" world. One thing is striven after, and another obtained. A gift which one of us would consider of priceless value is many a time bestowed on another who values it not at all; and this fact holds good in regard to the granting or withholding of affection as much as it does in regard to other things.

The people, for instance, who have the greatest craving for human affection are by no means those most capable of inspiring it.

Oftener than not the folk who inspire more than the usual share of affection are they who have sufficient self-reliance to give the impression of not depending, all in all, upon the devotion they win. They know how to accept and keep devotion (though sometimes their methods in this respect surprise such of their neighbours as are without this adhesive power), but they seldom seem to set an inordinate value on the aforesaid affection. They do not guard it jealously, or watch it with suspicious gaze.

This is as it must be, for love, if watched and

guarded, is apt to pine or take flight. Love, like the Robin and the Nightingale, does not live long in cages.

Therefore, my apprehensive friend, refrain from making a great clatter with the bars and bolts, if you would keep the love on which your happiness depends. On no account rattle chains and forge fetters in love's sight. If affection is given to you, it is far wiser to be liberal in latchkeys than to strive after Chubb's safes and strong-rooms. But if such are your natural tendencies, advice is useless.

You are not one of the mortals who impel affection and win more than a fair share of love.

The ink of the words written above was still wet when something I wanted of all things, but had done nothing to-day to obtain, came without my call.

I was not ready to receive it. I had made no preparations; I had resigned myself, in fact, to do without it—to try and do without it; and it came, and in very ordinary fashion too—a ring at the bell, an ascent of the stairs, an entrance by the common door.

It is all wrong that the people we care to see should use the very doorway that the sweep and the man who cleans the windows use. The gates on Constitution Hill and bales of new red cloth are better fitted for these triumphal occasions than the common way and the threadbare rug.

My gates on Constitution Hill are likely to go rusty and heavy on the hinges for want of use. My red cloth runs more risk of damage from moth, after long storing away, than of wearing out. The very best seems so seldom to happen. (I hope it will happen in your case, my reader, before the sun sets

to-night.) Some people may receive long bills from the smiths—"To repairing gates on Constitution Hill, much worn from use"; or from the upholsterer—"Four dozen yards best red cloth for laying." But my money is not spent in those ways. "To removing rust from gates on Constitution Hill," "to cold storage for red cloth,"—it is more after that fashion that the paid and the unpaid bills of most of us are made out.

But, perhaps, it is better so.

How seldom are we allowed to know that a parting is the last parting on earth. The first meeting and the final parting have, more frequently than not, nothing significant or openly indicative of importance.

The final parting, the parting at death's door between friends, is not always at the side of a death-bed. "The last time that you saw him or her, who is now in your thoughts, had you prevision that you would not meet on this earth again?"

Because of this, partings hurt beyond the pain of absence. "Shall I ever see you again, darling? God bless you and keep you safe."

This morning I was turning out the drawers of an old bureau. Old letters, old papers, relics, were all there. One thick white envelope bore a date, not a recent date, and within wrappings of silver paper I unfolded a long, very long, lock of very fair hair.

I had thought for the moment that I was alone, but some one, who cannot distinguish, showed me my mistake and said, "Is that your own hair?"

"*My own hair.*" I shook the long tress out to its full length, irritation at the stupidity overcoming

my wish that my companion should not see what the big envelope held. "Did you ever see such hair? Look at it. It is like gold. It glitters."

Where is she, a lock of whose hair I can touch even now if I will?

The date on the packet, as I have said, is no recent date, but belongs to the distant past. But the dead, when I am alone, do not seem remote. In the silence and the stillness they draw near. It is the presence of the unheeding, unknowing quick that drives the dead afar. The dead are not alienated. They are invisible, so is the note of the bird; they are unheard, so is the hue of the morning sky. Even if they have no longer mortal sight nor hearing, even if our mortal sight and hearing cannot reach them, that need not mean that they are not near. The loved dead, perhaps, are "closer than breathing." If we could always feel this there would be no more death.

VIII

A CONTEST OF BIRDS was a theme much favoured by the old poets.

Birds, in the verse of long ago, contended, conversed, disputed among themselves or entered into the lists with the human singers.

In the earliest English poems in this form the controversy is often between birds without the intervention of a mortal.

The Thrush and the Nightingale, the first line of which runs, "Summer is coming with love to town"—I take a late rendering, of *town*—is assigned by the editor of *Early Popular Poetry* to the reign of Edward I. Then we have Dunbar's beautiful *The Merle and the Nightingale*, from which I have elsewhere quoted.

We have also controversies between birds by Chaucer, Lydgate (*The Chorle and the Bird*), Saltwood, and many an anonymous writer. Feylde's controversy is between a Lover and a Jay. The best known paraphrases of Strada's contest between a Bird and Lutanist are of a later date.

Ford's version of the story in *The Lover's Melancholy* and Crashaw's *Music's Duel* in *The Delight of the Muses* have won eulogy from many a poet and critic.

"No version of the story" (*Contention of a Bird and a Musician*), says Charles Lamb, can at all compare for harmony and grace with this blank verse of

Ford's. It is as fine as anything in Beaumont and Fletcher, and almost equals the strife which it celebrates. Ford's editor, Mr. Dyce, in a footnote to *The Lover's Melancholy*, authoritatively states that none of the poetic versions of Strada's prose "can at all compare for harmony and grace with this before us."

Dr. Grosart, on the other hand, in his edition of Crashaw, gives Strada's essay in the original Latin to show how Crashaw "has ennobled and transfigured his model"; while Mr. Swinburne praises the "dazzling intricacy and affluence in refinement," the choiceness, the subtlety of Crashaw's *tour de force.*

Dr. Grosart, for his part, has no hesitation in stating that even Ford is surpassed in every way by *Music's Duel.*

The choice avowedly does lie between Ford's and Crashaw's achievement. The authors of no other seventeenth-century variants of the *Bird and Musician* controversy can enter the singing lists with chance of success; for none in grace and beauty come within measurable distance of *The Lover's Melancholy* and *Music's Duel.*

Dr. Grosart makes mention of three other poetic versions of the prose of Strada,—Sir Francis Wortley's translation, an anonymous translation (*The Music War between the Fiddler and the Nightingale*, which this devoted editor of many a seventeenth-century poet discovered in the British Museum), and a rhymed translation among the Lansdowne MSS.

Some may claim superiority for Ford, some for Crashaw. For myself I think that unstinted commendation may be given to each poet without depriving the other of his full meed of praise.

Day-Book of Bethia Hardacre

From *The Lover's Melancholy.*

A Nightingale,
Nature's best-skilled musician, undertakes
The challenge, and for every several strain
The well-shap'd youth could touch, she sung her own.
He could not run division with more art
Upon his quaking instrument than she,
The Nightingale, did with her various notes
Reply to : for a voice and for a sound,
Amethus, 'tis much easier to believe
That such they were than hope to hear again.

Amethus. How did the rivals part ?

Menaphon. You term them rightly ;
For they were rivals, and their mistress harmony.
Some time thus spent, the young man grew at last
Into a pretty anger, that a bird,
Whom art had never taught clefs, moods, or notes,
Should vie with him for mastery, whose study
Had busied many hours to perfect practice :
To end the controversy, in a rapture
Upon his instrument he plays so swiftly,
So many voluntaries and so quick,
That there was curiosity and cunning,
Concord in discord, lines of differing method
Meeting in one full centre of delight.

Amethus. Now for the bird.

Menaphon. The bird ordain'd to be
Music's first martyr, strove to imitate
These several sounds ; which when her warbling throat
Failed in, for grief down dropp'd she on his lute,
And brake her heart. It was the quaintest sadness,
To see the conqueror upon her hearse
To weep a funeral elegy of tears.

From *Music's Duel.*

Under protection of an oak, there sat
A sweet Lute's master ; in whose gentle airs
He lost the day's heat, and his own hot cares.
Close in the covert of the leaves there stood
A Nightingale, come from the neighbouring wood :

. . . . . .

There stood she listening, and did entertain
The music's soft report, and mould the same
In her own murmurs, that whatever mood
His curious fingers lent, her voice made good :

. . . . . .

She measures every measure, everywhere
Meets art with art, sometimes as if in doubt
Not perfect yet, and fearing to be out,
Trails her plain ditty in one long-spun note.

. . . . . .

. . . He amazed
That from so small a channel should be rais'd
The torrent of a voice, whose melody
Could melt into such sweet variety,
Strains higher yet . . .

. . . . . .

. . . Her supple breast thrills out
Sharp airs, and staggers in a warbling doubt
Of dallying sweetness, hovers o'er her skill,
And folds in waved notes with a trembling bill
The pliant series of her slippery song ;
Then starts she suddenly into a throng
Of short, thick sobs, whose thundering volleys float
And roll themselves over her lubrick throat
In panting murmurs, still'd out of her breast,
That ever-bubbling spring ; the sugared nest
Of her delicious soul, that there does lie
Bathing in streams of liquid melody.

. . . . . .

. . . It seems a holy quire
Founded to the name of great Apollo's lyre.

. . . . . .

She opes the floodgate, and lets loose a tide
Of streaming sweetness, which in state doth ride
On the wav'd back of every swelling strain,
Rising and falling in a pompous train.

. . . . . .

Her little soul is ravisht, and so pour'd
Into loose extasies, that she is placed
Above herself, Music's enthusiast.
Shame now and anger mixt a double stain
In the Musician's face : "Yet once again
Mistress, I come ; now reach a strain, my lute,
Above her mock, or be for ever mute ;

Or tune a song of victory to me,
Or to thyself sing thine own obsequie":
So said, his hands, sprightly as fire, he flings
And with a quavering coyness tastes the strings.
. . . . . .
The lute's light genius now does proudly rise,
Heav'd on the surges of swollen rhapsodies,
Whose flourish (meteor-like) doth curl the air
With flash of high-born fancies, here and there
Dancing in lofty measures, and anon
Creeps on the soft touch of a tender tone,
Whose trembling murmurs melting in wild airs
Runs to and fro, complaining his sweet cares,
Because those precious mysteries that dwell
In Music's ravish'd soul he dares not tell,
But whisper to the world: thus do they vary
Each string his note, as if they meant to carry
Their master's blest soul (snatched out at his ears
By a strong extasy) through all the spheres
Of Music's heaven; and seat it there on high
In th' empyræum of pure harmony.
. . . . . .
This done, he lists what she would say to this,
And she (although her breath's late exercise
Had dealt too roughly with her tender throat),
Yet summons all her sweet powers for a note.
Alas! in vain! for while (sweet soul!) she tries
To measure all those wild diversities
Of chatt'ring strings by the small size of one
Poor simple voice, raised in a natural tone,
She fails, and failing grieves, and grieving dies.
She dies: and leaves her life the victor's prize,
Falling upon his lute: O, fit to have
(That liv'd so sweetly) dead, so sweet a grave!

Chapman, in *Byron's Tragedy*, provides us with a duet in which Cupid—having turned himself into a bird—sings in concert with a nymph. Leaving his "goddess mother's lap" to hawk and shoot at birds in Arden groves, "he beheld a princely nymph with much affection," whereupon—with the convenient versatility of a god—he

Left killing birds and turned into a bird ;
Like which I flew betwixt her ivory breasts
As if I had been driven by some hawk
To sue to her for safety of my life ;
She smiled at first, and sweetly shadowed me
With soft protection of her silver hand ;
I sung for joy ; she answered note for note,
. . . . . .
Relish for relish, with such ease and art
In her divine diversions, that my tunes
Show'd like the God of Shepherds to the sun's
Compared with hers.

The Shepherd Tony gives us a rhyming controversy in which many birds, Nightingale, Throstlecock, Owlet, Wren, and Robin Redbreast, take part, while shepherds and nymphs are bade by Echo to sit under a "beechen tree" and listen to a musical debate of much quaint charm and rustic beauty. In Robert Chester's poem a Phœnix and Turtle are the disputants.

Sylvester, William Browne, Herrick, and Cowley are among the writers whose birds accepted the musician's challenge.

These are Sylvester's Nightingales—

Breathing so sweetly from a breast so small
So many times ; whose harmony excels
Our voice, our viols, and all music else.
Good Lord ! how oft in a green oaken grove,
In the cool shadow, have I stood and strove
To marry mine immortal lays to theirs—
Rapt with delight of their delicious airs.

Sylvester's Nightingales also challenge one another. One bird at last adds a strain that she has conned all the winter past. The victor wins the plaudits of her peers, is elected mistress of the choir, and instructress to the young birds.

The "Phyllis sweet" of Nicholas Breton silenced Philomela by the excellency of her lute-playing ; and

in William Browne's contest between a nymph and a bird, the bird is vanquished.

It was this nymph's "usual sport" to sit where harmonious birds resorted and imitate their warbling with a quill, "wrought by the hand of Pan," and half filled with water. So inducing the Nightingale to chant "her utmost lay" and invent new notes to surpass the other instrument—

> And harmless soul, e'er she could leave that strife,
> Sang her last song and ended with her life.

We have also a musical contest by Cowley in which Nightingales took part—

> O'ercome by art and grief they did expire,
> And fell upon the conqu'ring lyre.

Herrick treats of a like tragedy—

> The broke heart of a Nightingale
> O'ercome in music.

"The bird is dead."

Alas for man's cruelty, the bird is always dead in the musical contests, and perhaps it was of a musical contest that the Nightingale died whose pitiful dialogue with Charon Herrick has recorded.

> Ah, Death, who shall thee fly,
> Sith the most worthy is o'erthrown by thee?
> Thou spar'st the Ravens, and Nightingales doth kill.[1]

This Elegy by Thomas Randolph on the death of a Nightingale should be printed on black-bordered paper—

> Go, solitary wood, and henceforth be
> Acquainted with no other harmony
> Than the Pies chattering or the shrieking notes
> Of boding Owls and fatal Ravens' throats.

[1] Drummond of Hawthornden.

Thy sweetest chanter's dead that warbled forth
Lays that might tempests calm and still the north,
And call down Angels from their glorious sphere
To hear her songs and learn new anthems there.
That soul is fled and to Elysium gone;
Thou a poor desert left; go then and run,
Beg there to want a grove, and if she please
To sing again beneath thy shadowy trees,
The souls of happy lovers crown'd with blisses
Shall flock about thee and keep time with kisses.

If the Nightingales are always vanquished and slain in contest with profane singers, the Nightingale with whom the holy S. Francis contended in song was allowed to live and sing again.

It was the praise of God that S. Francis and the bird sang through the dark hours of night; and in the end S. Francis admitted the victory of Brother Nightingale.

But then S. Francis was a saint, and a true gentleman, not an arrogant lutanist.

His spirit was uninflamed by the cruel lust of conquest, and the desire to humiliate little Brother Nightingale had no place in his thoughts.

The love of God and the love of all that God has created was in his humble, loving heart — meet follower of One of whom it was written—

A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit,
The first true gentleman that ever breathed.

IX

A FAINT impression of spring steals through the air to-day—that subtle sense of the renewal of life that, for all its evanescent fugitiveness, can penetrate bricks and mortar and make itself recognised in the town.

Amiel, better than any other writer known to me, has incarnated in words the suggestion of spring, such as may be felt to-day by human creatures in London streets, or even in a London drawing-room.

We cannot, notwithstanding our artificial conditions, wholly sever ourselves from the Parent Tree of Life.

Were we not throughout our lives really interwoven with the main stem of life, we should escape to regions beyond, I think. This, under present conditions, is impossible, and while we live we remain linked to the Tree that draws its sustenance from the soil and the water and the air of Mother Earth.

The sense of spring, by to me a natural sequence, turns my thoughts to the National Gallery, and I long to see primitive Italian pictures.

Early Italian pictures—pictures of the school of Tuscany in particular—pictures by Angelico, by Botticelli, by Filippo Lippi and Filippino Lippi, by Francia Bigio and Andrea del Sarto, by Perugino, and that pupil of Perugino, Giovanni di Pietro, called Lo Spagna, come into the train of thought,

suggested by the first faint token of awakening spring.

In truth the flowers of spring are in harmony with the art of the old Pre-Raphaelite painters as are no other flowers. Almond-blossom and daffodils, violets and columbines, are the flowers sacred to the early Italian school.

It would be well to-day, and in keeping with the stuff of which time at this moment is made, to look at the beautiful Botticelli, *The Nativity of the Saviour*, where, beneath a thatched Pent-house, "the Virgin Mother kneels in prayer over the Holy Child." S. Joseph is near, and the ox and the ass are feeding from the crib. The three Magi, the shepherds kneeling in adoration, the attendant angels, and the angels that kneel on the thatch of the roof singing from a book, are there. Aloft we see a golden glory, the very heavens opened, and a triumphal choir of angels bearing olive branches and singing in "exultant dance."

Above the picture, with its beautiful portrayal of heavenly joy, is an inscription in Greek :—

> This picture I, Alexander, painted at the end of the year 1500, in the troubles of Italy, in the half-time after the time during the fulfilment of the eleventh of S. John, in the second woe of the Apocalypse in the loosing of the devil for three years and a half. Afterwards he shall be confined, and we shall see him trodden down as in this picture.

Three years before the date of the inscription, Savonarola, whose disciple Botticelli was, had been hung on the gibbet and burnt after suffering the acutest torture again and again, enduring all with unshaken serenity. "One bystander, stirred with compassion, approached him and said a few comforting words, to which he benignantly replied, 'At

the last hour God alone can give mortals comfort.' A certain priest, named Nerotto, asked him, 'In what spirit dost thou bear this martyrdom?' He said, 'The Lord hath suffered so much for me.' He then kissed the crucifix, and his voice was heard no more."

The death of Savonarola meant the defeat of all that was right, "the triumph of all that was most corrupt; vice was everywhere rampant, and virtuous living utterly despised."

This was to Botticelli what, on the one hand, "in the troubles of Italy" signified; on the other, the lively hope and confidence of faith saw the bliss of heaven and the certain victory of the kingdom of Christ.

We must bear in mind the words of the inscription if we wish to understand the triumph of the spiritual over the material typified by this picture, of which the dominant note is glory to God in the highest.

The Adoration of the Magi, by Filippino Lippi, is in my mind, too, to-day—the Magi prostrating themselves before the Holy Child, heralds blowing trumpets, a crowd of spectators and attendants, horses wearing curious trappings; and, in the distance, a castle of mediæval times.

In the picture, *The Agony in the Garden*, by Lo Spagna, which is also in my thoughts, the angel flying from heaven to Christ bears a cup. Judas is in the company of Roman soldiers, and the other disciples are asleep. Lovely flowers, drawn with delicate and faithful touch, show in the foreground.

Another picture that haunts for me the first days of spring, is the picture by Francia Bigio once known as *The Knight of Malta*. When I saw the picture last, in the National Gallery, it was entitled the *Portrait of a Young Man*. I like the old name

best. The Knight of Malta, in black habit and cap, wears the Cross of the Order upon his breast. He holds an open letter in his hands, "an undecipherable letter but for the date 1514." He looks towards the spectator from a background which is a landscape. Engraved below is the inscription, "TAR : VBLIA : CHI : BIEN : EIMA" (He slowly forgets who loves well).

When first I saw Francia Bigio's *Knight of Malta*, the picture was not included in the National Collection in Trafalgar Square. It formed one of the treasures enshrined in an old-fashioned country dwelling-place, far removed from mass meetings and political demonstrations—a dwelling-place where corridors and living-rooms were hung with exquisite examples of early Italian art.

In those low rooms and passages, enriched with some of the most beautiful pictures that piety and genius ever composed, no sound more disturbing broke the hushed peace than the song of birds; while the scent of flowers, whose prototypes showed in the pictures, perfumed the air.

The pictures are not all together now. *The Virgin of the Almond-Shaped Glory rising from the Tomb*, of Fra Angelico (a tomb filled with spring flowers), and the *Burial of S. Francis*, of Fra Angelico also, are no longer near *The Nativity* of Botticelli and Francia Bigio's Knight; but they still have the meeting-place of a tenacious memory; and when one mortal at least sees certain pictures by Botticelli, by Filippino Lippi, by Lo Spagna, and Francia Bigio, a link, which is association, asks for the fragrance of sweet flowers and the song of happy birds.

The spring of nature with the jubilant chorus of birds and profusion of wreaths and flowery garlands,

as if for a triumph or festival, can, by force of contrast and the pain of incongruity, torture a heart bereaved by death.

Then it is that the inspired art of the early Italian painters bridges the gulf dividing the grief of the mourner and the joy and beauty of the season of spring.

For Fra Angelico, Botticelli, and other saintly painters, bereavement and death were but milestones on the road to Heaven. They could combine, as only the saint and the seer can, the glorious loveliness of nature and the anguish that the human heart can suffer into one coherent, divinely-ordered plan.

X

FAR has the Church strayed from the primitive faith to have made it possible for the beautiful Memorial Service held at S. Paul's Cathedral, for those who had fallen in battle during the South African War, to have called forth indignant protests on the ground that it was contrary to the tenets of the Christian faith to offer prayers for the souls of the blessed dead.

The instinct of humanity is, I think, in agreement with the teaching of the primitive Church. When death has taken those we love, those who love us, it is the instinct of the mourner to bridge the separation with prayer—to pray more fervently, perhaps, under bereavement than when the evidence of the senses could afford assurances of the safety of the beloved.

Further, when they who love us are out of the body—the body with all its limitations—it is a hard thing to believe that they who are in the spirit cannot help us more truly than they could help us during the curtailed phase that we call life.

To believe that the prayer of a good man availeth much, and to believe that the prayers of the blessed dead avail nothing, is to deny the belief of the Christian Church in its primitive purity.

"May thy spirit rest in God and pray for us."

"May Christ receive thy spirit in peace: pray for us."

"Pray for thy parents."

"May'st thou live in peace and pray for us."

"May thy spirit rest well in God. Pray for thy sister."

"Pray for us because we know thou art with Christ."

"May'st thou live in the Lord and pray for us."

"Sabbatius, sweet soul, ask and pray."

"Januaria, may'st thou be well refreshed and pray for us."

"Gentianus, one of the faithful in peace, who lived twenty-one years, eight months, and sixteen days: And in your prayers pray for us, because we know you (to be) in Christ."

Such are the inscriptions on the stones in the Catacombs, which testify to the belief in the communion of saints of the followers of Christ during the first centuries. Many of a like nature are given in *Roma Sotterranea* and *Epitaphs of the Catacombs.*

"The dominant theology of the later mediæval period—the theology of S. Thomas Aquinas—denied that the souls in Purgatory could pray for those on earth" (I quote from Mr. Percy Dearmer's *The Communion of Saints*). S. Thomas Aquinas is responsible for much misery and misconception; and it is a relief to know that unless we admit his infallibility we need not accept his doctrine; contrariwise, when we pray for the dead and pray for their prayers on our behalf, we are praying in accordance with the usage of the early Christians, while, during the persecutions, the faith was strong, pure, and undefiled.

"The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church." In confirmation of this truth, we are shown that primitive martyrdom contributed so greatly to the conversion of the world, that a few years after the last of the persecutions the rapid extension of Christianity well-nigh ceased.

More Pages from the

I should like the treatise of S. Cyprian, *De Mortalitate*—written during a time of pestilence in the third century,—to be read aloud in all the churches to-day ; with its message of hope, of comfort, of the unity of the quick and the dead, of the continuity of life, temporal and eternal, of death as the port of our everlasting home.

"In regard to the most ancient epitaphs," says the author of *Epitaphs of the Catacombs*—those of the first three centuries—"they (the survivors) realised most intensely that all the faithful—whether in the body or out of the body—were still living members of one mystical body, the Body of Christ ; that they formed one great family, knit together in the closest bonds of love ; and that this love, stronger than death, had its proper work and happiness in prayer —prayer of the survivors for those who had gone before, prayers of the blessed for those who were left behind."

The same writer points out the similarity in wording of the primitive inscriptions and the most ancient liturgies—"Almost all the prayers for the dead in our liturgical books find their germ at least, if not their exact prototype, on the gravestones of the Catacombs."

We read that it was the practice of the primitive Christians, every evening at the lighting of lamps, to give thanks to God for the gift of faith whereby their souls were enlightened. The practice has fallen into disuse, and perhaps the light has failed.

In a volume of prayers "put forth by authority" as late as the reign of Queen Elizabeth, a beautiful prayer is included "to be said at the lighting up of candles."

Referring to the pagan inscriptions, Marucchi, in

his *Éléments d'Archéologie Chrétienne*, states that the pagan inscriptions hardly ever indicate the date of the death and interment. To the pagans there was nothing in death to give consolation or hope. The Christians, on the contrary, at least on the monumental stones which are not the most ancient, inscribed the dates that the anniversary might be celebrated and honoured. The very earliest Christian inscriptions were, with rare exceptions, undated, and secret symbols were, for an obvious reason, employed.

The very word for the act of Christian burial, "deposition," testified to the certain hope which lit the path of death.

The use of the word deposition indicated that the body was "only temporarily committed to the earth" as a sacred deposit which would be reclaimed at some future time when "the sea and the earth shall give up their dead"—and thus expressed the Christian faith.

Marucchi states that such pious acclamations as "In pace!" "Vivas in Christo!" "Vivas in Deo!" are among the most ancient of the inscriptions, and were in frequent use during the first centuries. These "formules d'acclamation" were, we learn from the same writer, sometimes addressed to the living—"Vivas in Pace!" "Vivas in Deo!" but in general the words were reserved for the dead, for whom the hope was expressed that they might live in peace or live in God. In respect to this the author of *The Church in the Catacombs* has pointed out the absurdity of construing such ejaculatory prayers into a support for the doctrine of Purgatory, "when it is known that the early Church was in the habit of offering commemorative prayers for all the dead —Apostles, Prophets, Martyrs, and even for the

Virgin Mary, whom no one will affirm to have been submitted to the purifying flames."

It remained for later generations of Christians to torture the living with fears for the well-being and happiness of the dead. The early Christians entertained no such fears: "May'st thou live in the Lord and pray for us," expressed their creed.

The idea of the refreshment of the soul through death was even more frequently expressed in the most ancient inscriptions than was the repose of the soul.

It is mentioned by many writers on the subject that the Christians endeavoured to be buried near to the martyrs, as if to put themselves under their protection and be introduced by them to Heaven. A like sentiment made the living consign their dead to the Saints, and in particular to those who were interred in the same cemetery—sleeping-place. But this was not a doctrine held by the first generations of the faithful. "It was hardly before the fourth century that the Martyrs were regarded as advocates before God," says the author of *Christian Art and Archæology*. In reference to the intercession of the Saints the writer goes on to say that "in this (fourth century) cult of the Martyrs we find the roots of the later doctrine of the Saints."

The paintings of earliest date found on the walls of the Catacombs are, we are told, purely symbolical —the Good Shepherd, the Vine, the Sheep, the Cock, the Fisherman, the Fish, the Anchor, the Crown (in the form of a wreath of leaves, an image of the heavenly crown the believers trusted to receive when the good fight was fought, and also of the crown of martyrdom). Amongst those early sepulchral

paintings birds are numerous; and no birds were so often represented as Doves, symbol of the Holy Spirit and of the soul. The Dove combined with the Palm Branch was commonly an emblem of martyrdom; the Dove with the Olive Branch, the emblem of forgiveness and peace.

The Peacock, the symbol of Eternity and symbol of Christians and saints, the Phœnix, symbol of the resurrection and of eternal life, were in frequent use. The symbolical use of the Pelican belongs to a later period.

The birds were most frequently represented in a garden of flowers, Marucchi states, which for the Christians was an image of Heaven—

"La manière la plus habituelle de figurer le ciel est le jardin avec des fleurs, des fruits, des orantes, des colombes."

The Cross, which the early mystic writers saw in many an object, natural and manufactured, around them—in the attitude of prayer, in the bird flying upwards, in the masts and yards of a ship, in the anchor, in the trident, in the stems and branches, in garlands of flowers, in the growth of the tree, in the trophy, in the letter T—was not exhibited undisguised in the art of the first era. In regard to this similitude, Tertullian's well-known passage is often quoted: "Every piece of timber which is fixed in the ground in an erect position is a part of a Cross, or indeed the greater portion of its mass. . . . Even our own body assumes as its natural position the latent and concealed outline of a Cross. Since the head rises upwards and the back takes a straight direction, and the shoulders project laterally, if you simply place a man with his arms and hands outstretched you will make the general outline of a Cross." Tertullian

goes on to point out the Cross in the frames on which the heathen hung up their trophies.

Associated as the Cross was with the execution of slaves and felons, to expose the "Signum Christi" to an incredulous world must have resulted in blasphemous scoffs and ridicule unbearable to the faithful, in whose hearts every humiliating particular of the Passion was an agonising memory; and it was long before this reluctance to depict the physical suffering of our Lord passed away.

As the Church has strayed far from the primitive teaching in regard to the Communion of Saints, so the administration of unction to the sick as "delivered by the Apostles to the first generation of believers, . . . and practised by the Church during the best and purest ages of her history," has in our time fallen into disuse.

"Is any sick among you? Let him call for the elders of the Church, and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil, in the name of the Lord."

The teaching of S. James, of S. Paul, the witness of the early liturgies and of the Fathers, has not sufficed to retain in the Prayer-Book the rubric and prayer which is included in the Order for the Visitation of the Sick in the First Prayer-Book of Edward VI.: "If the sick person desire to be anointed, then shall the Priest anoint him upon the forehead or breast only, making the Sign of the Cross."

The volume—one of much interest—from which I have taken a quotation given above (*The Anointing of the Sick in Scripture and Tradition*) includes so beautiful a prayer for the blessing of a book that I cannot refrain from transcribing the supplication:—

"Here I bring this dissertation to an end, and I

most humbly pray God to bless what I have written, so that it may tend to His glory, the good of His Church, and the edifying of believers. If there be any word or sentence in this book which is out of harmony with the truth and with the mind of Christ, may all evil effects which might naturally result therefrom be averted, and may our Lord in His goodness pardon my ignorance and give me fuller light."

SORROW IS THE SEED OF HAPPINESS

Sown in tears and reaped in joy—
Chance and change cannot destroy—
Safe from pain and sin's alloy.

Why we know not; we but know
He who made us made it so—
Flower of bliss from seed of woe.

ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI

The joy of living and the joy of dying
  Thou didst combine;
Joy in God's gifts and joy in self-denying,
  They both were thine.
Linked to the fount of life, peace, righteousness,
All righteousness, life, peace thou didst possess.

XI

THERE is a fine picturesqueness in the early accounts of the arrival of the Gypsies in Europe.

Under the leadership of earls and counts, riding on horseback, dressed out in fantastic and gaudy attire, with hawks and hounds in their retinue, they appeared in the fifteenth century in France, Hungary, Germany, Poland, and Italy.

"Black as Tartars and calling themselves Secani," we read of a band of outlandish people, to the number of about a hundred, who appeared before Luneburg in 1417, under the leadership of a duke and count, superbly dressed, "and leading, like nobles, dogs of chase. Next came a motley crew afoot; and women and children brought up the rear in waggons."

The new-comers carried passports and seals with them purporting to be from the Emperor Sigismond and other princes; and a German writer (Münster), quoted by Hoyland, tells that he had himself seen an attested copy of such a title in the possession of some Gypsies at Eberbach.

Declaring themselves to be holy pilgrims under Papal protection, the outlandish people explained that as expiation of apostasy from the Christian faith they were "doing penance for having refused hospitality to the Virgin and Son." Their pilgrimage had been enforced by their bishops, and would continue for seven years; during which time they

claimed permission to wander unmolested through all countries of Christendom, carrying the Pope's blessing with them. When the seven years had expired the pilgrims accounted for their continued presence in alien lands by saying that return to their country was prevented by "soldiers stationed to intercept them."

Described as "lean, black, hideous Egyptians," a band of foreigners under the leadership of a so-called Duke of Egypt, André by name, appeared at Bologna in 1422, bringing a pass from the Emperor, Sigismond, and declaring that they were on their way to visit the Pope at Rome, with the object of accomplishing a pilgrimage and receiving letters of absolution from the Holy Father.

The troop included a sorceress, wife of Duke André, whose skill in the art of fortune-telling proved so attractive to the townspeople that, for the telling of their fortunes and characters, they flocked in great numbers to the inn where the Duke and the sorceress, his wife, lodged.

"Few men, however," says Lacroix in his volume on *Manners, Customs, and Dress during the Middle Ages and during the Renaissance Period*, "left the house of the so-called Duke of Egypt without having their purses stolen, and few women escaped without having the skirts of their dresses cut."

Meanwhile the women of the rank and file walked about the town telling fortunes also, and laying their hands on all that they could seize. The number of robberies at length roused the ecclesiastical and civil authorities to take action; and the citizens were forbidden to have further intercourse with the Egyptians. "By a strange application of the laws of retaliation," says Lacroix,

"those who had been robbed by these foreigners were permitted to rob them to the extent of the value of the things stolen. In consequence of this the Bolognians entered a stable in which several of the Egyptians' horses were kept, and took out one of the finest of them. In order to recover him the Egyptians agreed to restore what they had taken, and the restitution was made."

Pasquier, in his *Recherches de la France*, states that "on August 17th, 1427, came to Paris twelve Penitents, Penanciers, as they called themselves, viz. a duke, an earl, and ten men, all on horseback, and calling themselves good Christians. They were of lower Egypt." These "Penitents" accounted for their arrival as did the Gypsies who reached Luneberg ten years earlier. They had renounced Christianity by the compulsion of the Saracens who had overrun their country; and their pilgrimage was undertaken by order of the Pope in expiation of the sin of apostasy—the refusal "to receive the infant Jesus when carried by His mother and Joseph to Egypt, as an asylum from the persecution of Herod." They also referred to ancient privileges "granted to them by former kings of that country" (France) to account for their presence.

The twelve "Penitents" were accompanied by a band of followers—men, women, and children. "The men were very black, their hair curled. The women remarkably ugly and black, . . . their hair black, like a horse's tail." They all wore one or two rings of silver in their ears, "which in their country they said was a mark of nobility." The women were said to be sorceresses, "who by looking into people's hands told them what had happened, or what was to happen to them; and by this means often did a

great deal to sow discord in families. What was worse, either by magic, by satanic agency, or by sleight of hand, they managed to empty people's purses whilst talking to them."

Accounts have come down to us of bands of wanderers to be identified as Gypsies, in the opinion of some writers, who at an earlier date were known in Europe, but on this point Gypsiologists are not all in perfect accord.

People, says Mr. Groome, described as magicians, soothsayers, and serpent-charmers, are alleged, on doubtful authority, to have appeared at Byzantium in 810, but whether the tribe consisted of Gypsies or heretics it is difficult to determine. Less dubious in the opinion of the same writer is an extract from the Georgian life of Giorgi Mtharsmindel, telling how "certain descendants of the race of Simon Magus, Atsinkan by name, sorcerers and famous rogues, slew wild beasts by the magic art in the presence of Bagrat IV.," at Constantinople in the eleventh century.

George Smith, in his *Gypsy Life*, quotes the description by an Austrian monk early in the twelfth century of people who may be identified with the Egyptians — "Ishmaelites and Braziers, who go peddling through the wide world, having neither house nor home, cheating the people with their tricks and deceiving mankind, but not openly."

An extract is also given by Mr. Groome from the account of the Irish Franciscan friar, Fitz-Simeon, who, in the year 1322, saw a tribe of people "living outside the city (of Candia), who worship according to the Greek rite, and declare themselves of the race of Ham. They rarely or never stop in one place more than thirty days, but,

as though accurst of Heaven, wander from field to field, with little oblong black low tents like those of the Arabs, or from cave to cave."

It was not till 1438 that the "great tide of western emigration began to flow." Then not in hundreds, but in thousands, the Gypsies poured into Europe, "led not only by paltry dukes and counts, but by a king (King Zindl)"; and their hordes invaded Hungary, Italy, France, and Germany, reaching Spain by 1447 and Poland by 1501.

The credulity of the age at the outset accepted the gypsies' self-given account of themselves and their mission.

Pilgrims and holy people carrying credentials from the Pope, the Emperor Sigismond, and other princes, mounted on horses, and accompanied by hawks and hounds ("with a train of hunting dogs after them like nobles"), professing magical powers, under the guidance of leaders bearing impressive titles, of mysteriously swarthy and sun-burnt aspect, attired in outlandish garb of tawdry Oriental finery (scarlet and green were always favourite Gypsy colours, and their predilection for shining silver and brass earrings and buttons is no recently acquired taste); it was perhaps natural that on the first appearance of the Egyptians not only the simple country folk, but kings and rulers, believed in a consequence, to which the epitaphs raised to their leaders also attested :—

"On St. Sebastian's Eve, 1445, died the Lord Panuel, Duke of Little Egypt and Baron of Hirchhorn in the same land." A fifteenth century epitaph also recorded the death of "the most Noble Earl Peter of Little Egypt," and again, in 1498, the passing away of "The high-born Lord John, Earl of Little

Egypt, to whose soul God be gracious and merciful."

Charlatans as they might be, there is a fascinating touch of mystery and romance in the fifteenth-century appearance of the Egyptians; and even the credulity of the times would not have sufficed to account for their reception had they not acted the part they professed with strange cunning and a bearing in keeping with their splendid, if usually pseudo, credentials.

To invent invasions of Saracens, sins of apostasy, papal passes and blessings, privileges granted by dead kings, to approach the Great Ones of the earth on terms of equality in the style of Dukes and Earls of Little Egypt, shows a somewhat dazzling gift for imposture.

I have before me as I write an illustration of a Gypsy band, reproduced from an etching on ivory, in the possession of Mr. David MacRitchie, by Jacques Callot, who had travelled in his boyhood from Nancy to Florence with a company of Egyptians.

There we see the outlandish people as they appeared early in the seventeenth century (for an earlier portrait of the Gypsies we have a reproduction of a piece of old tapestry—fifteenth century—*Gypsies on the March*, in Lacroix's book, from which I have already quoted). "The strong horses they bestride" —I quote from Mr. MacRitchie's interesting description of the band depicted in the etching—"are in splendid condition; their equipments are complete; and their manes—washed and combed and twined in even tresses, like the locks of that steed which the young Herminia loved to tend—demonstrate that affection which the true Gypsy used to bear to his horse."

The Gypsy cavaliers, as in other etchings not on ivory, by Callot, are armed, booted, and spurred. Their hair hangs in luxuriant lovelocks, under their wide plumed hats, and they sit their horses in gallant *débonnaire* fashion.

The young Gypsy Queen, wearing a plumed hat likewise upon her flowing tresses, accompanies the leaders of the band. Sandals are bound to her little feet, and she rides without saddle or stirrup, with a child swung in the hood of her long cloak and another set upon her knee. Other Gypsy women follow, their palfreys bearing "burdens of the most heterogeneous kind, notably infants in great profusion." Two hunting dogs accompany the horsemen, as well as Gypsies, male and female, on foot.

A less elegant and pleasing picture of the Egyptians than that of the Callot etching is given by Thomas Coryat in his *Crudities*, published in 1611, by the help of Prince Henry of Wales, to whom the *Crudities* are dedicated :—

"I never saw so many roguish Egyptians together in any one place in all my life as in Nevers, where there was a great multitude of men, women, and children of them, that disguise their faces, as our counterfeit western Egyptians in England. For both their hair and their faces looked so black, as if they were raked out of hell, and sent into the world by great Beelzebub, to terrify and astonish mortal men ; their men are very ruffians and swashbucklers, having exceeding long black hair curled, and swords or other weapons by their sides. Their women also suffer their hair to hang loosely about their shoulders, whereof some I saw dancing in the streets, and singing lascivious vain songs, whereby they draw many flocks of the foolish citizens about them."

XII

THE Gypsies did not for very long enjoy the fruits of public favour.

When their thieving tendency and vagrant habits showed them in their true light, their sanctity was questioned, and those they had duped turned upon them in some instances with brutal savagery.

It has been suggested by Grellmann in his *Dissertation on the Gypsies*, that the accusations which had been brought against the Jews—the murdering and kidnapping of children—were ready-made accusations used to bring trouble to the Gypsies. They were, furthermore, charged with being cannibals, and scouts who betrayed their Christian neighbours to the Turks.

It is also contended by Grellmann that the professed magical powers and gifts of divination of the Gypsies roused the jealousy of the scholars and learned men of the age, they claiming such supernatural powers for themselves. At this period of the world's history lectures were read in college on chiromancy and the other forms of magic by professors accredited with serious knowledge and learning. Gypsies, accordingly, were very unwelcome, and were looked upon in the light of "a supernumerary party" that poached on the preserves of the official professors of sorcery; and the official professors of sorcery accordingly put themselves to

the pains of writing books to vilify and expound the ignorance of their unwelcome rivals.

The Gypsy spells, nostrums, and amulets probably diverted custom and interfered with the sale of home-made articles of enchantment. Egyptian amulets, we read, were commonly fashioned of unfermented dough, inscribed with marked figures, and baked in the sun.

During the sixteenth century, England, France, Spain, Germany, the Netherlands, and Italy passed edicts, more or less severe, for the expulsion or extermination of the Egyptians.

Germany, under Maximilian I. in 1497, was the first country to demand "that those people who call themselves Gypsies, roving up and down the country," should withdraw themselves.

Edicts of expulsion from Germany failing to banish the Gypsies, the most cruel means for their extermination were put into force; and an instance is quoted of a petty German sovereign, when out hunting, setting his hounds to run down a Gypsy woman who was found in a wood nursing her child —cruelty of a nature which in these later days is confined to the treatment of the, so-called, inferior animals by the race of human beings.

In Hungary, in 1768, severe measures were taken for the suppression of the Gypsies—a drastic turn of Fortune's wheel, for during an earlier century the Egyptians had carried about with them passports and seals from the Hungarian king.

"It was intended to extirpate the very name and language of these folk out of the country. They were no longer to be called Gypsies, but New Boors," Grellmann writes.

The New Boors were forbidden, even when con-

versing together, to use their own tongue, but must speak the language of the country in which they travelled. After a few months' grace their original customs and habits were to be exchanged for those of the native citizens and villagers. They were to build houses, learn a recognised trade, and such as were fit for the profession of arms were commanded to enlist as soldiers.

"Man proposes, God disposes," and, to the evident surprise of the author from whom I quote, none of the endeavours for the converting of Gypsies into New Boors had any beneficial result—

"Although these regulations were calculated certainly for the good of the people and the State, the greater part of them were not in the smallest degree beneficial to them."

In 1773 new and far more cruel edicts followed.

The children of the New Boors were to be taken away from their parents and brought up without intercourse with their relations. (The love of the Gypsies for their offspring is well known.)

This intention was no sooner formulated than it was carried out, seemingly; for, during a winter night in December 1773, all the children of the New Boors in one district over five years of age were abducted and committed to the charge of overseers appointed for that object.

The raid was followed by others, and the victims were removed in waggons "to be subjected to the same discipline." The last batch of children abducted included a girl of fourteen, "who was forced to submit to be carried off in her bridal state. She tore her hair for grief and rage, and was quite beside herself with agitation."

"Such measures were necessary, and the only

ones capable of ensuring success," is the learned Grellmann's comment. We are less inhuman nowadays, and it is a relief to learn that this abducted Gypsy girl obtained permission to accomplish her marriage three years later.

Mr. Hoyland, who, in his *Historical Survey of the Gypsies*, fixes the date of the arrival of the outlandish people in our island at about 1512, points out that in England the new-comers presented themselves as being Egyptians, and the character they assumed was the one best adapted for establishing the reputation they wished to sustain. They did not feign to be pilgrims as in Germany, nor penitents as in France, since neither character would have commended them to the temper of the King, engaged, as Henry VIII. then was, in the overthrow of the papal rule and the abolition of the monastic power. "The fame of Egypt in astrology, magic, and soothsaying was universal, and they could not have devised a more artful expedient than the profession of this knowledge, to produce for them a welcome reception by the great mass of the people."

There is something mysterious in this genius for deception, this foreknowledge of the temper of the countries which the Gypsy hordes invaded. Their scouts worked well.

"In a quarter of a century after their expulsion from France, they (the gypsies) became an intolerable nuisance in England," Mr. Henry T. Crofton states (*English Gypsies under the Tudors*), "and the Act concerning the Egyptians was passed in 1530 (22 Henry VIII.). . . . It relates that—

"Afore this time diverse and many outlandish people calling themselves Egyptians, using no craft nor feats of merchandise, had come into this Realm

and gone from shire to shire and place to place in great company, and used great subtle and crafty means to deceive the people, bearing them in hand that they by Palmistry could tell men and women's fortunes, and so many times by craft and subtlety had deceived the people of their money, and also had committed many and heinous felonies and robberies to the great hurt and deceit of the people that they had come among."

A later and more drastic Act of the same reign is quoted by Mr. Hoyland, under which the importer of any Egyptians was to be punished for the importation by a fine of £40 for every trespass.

From the abstract of which Act the same author says, "We may infer that the Gypsies were so much in request as to induce some of our countrymen to import them from the continent, or at least to encourage their migration to this island."

There was no false sentiment on the subject of aliens under the Tudor rule, and documents testify that a number of gypsies were, during the reign of Henry VIII., shipped at the public expense and sent to France.

Mr. Crofton, in the pamphlet already cited, states that all references to the Gypsies in Great Britain before 1510 are from Scotland, and goes on to show that the first authentic notice of Gypsies is to be found in the tract by Sir Thomas More relating to the death of Richard Hunne, in 1514, in the Lollards' Tower.

In the tract in question a Gypsy woman is described after this wise :—

"'She would tell you wonders by God. I have wist her tell many marvellous things ere now. . . . If a thing had been stolen she would have told who

had it, and therefore I think she could as well tell who killed Hunne as who stole a horse. . . . I could never see her use any worse way than looking into one's hand.' Therewith the Lords laughed, and asked, 'What is she?' 'Forsooth, my Lords,' quoth he, 'an Egyptian, and she was lodged here at Lambeth, but she is gone over sea now; howbeit, I trow she be not in her own country yet, for they say it is a great way hence, and she went over little more than a month ago.'"

"'Gypsy' is an abbreviation of 'Egyptian,' dating back to 1526 at least," says Mr. Crofton, and in proof of this statement quotes an allusion to Sancta Maria Ægyptiaca in Skelton's *Garland of Laurel* (1526)—

By Mary Gipsy quod scripsi, scripsi.

There are other picturesque allusions, taken from Hall's *Chronicle*, published in 1548, given in Mr. Crofton's pamphlet.

Ladies taking part in a court mummery in 1510 were said to wear head-dresses "like the Egyptians embroidered with gold." Also "at a State banquet there entered into the chamber eight ladies attired like to the Egyptians very richly."

For early literary references to the gypsies in England, we have a work by Samuel Ridd, author of a volume, printed in 1614, to expose *The Art of Juggling or Legerdemaine, wherein is deciphered all the conveyances of Legerdemaine and Juggling, how they are affected and wherein they chiefly consist.*

"This kind of people about a hundred years ago, about the 20th year of King Henry VIII.," says Samuel Ridd, "began to gather an head about the southern parts. . . . And this, as I am informed,

and as I can gather, was their beginning. Certain Egyptians banished their country (belike not for their good conditions) arrived here in England, who, being excellent in quaint tricks and devices not known here at that time among us, were esteemed and had in great admiration ; for what with strangeness of their attire and garments, together with their sleights and legerdemain, they were spoken of far and near ; insomuch that many of our English loiterers joined with them, and in time learned their craft and cozening. . . . The speech which they used was the right Egyptian language, with whom our Englishmen conversing at last learned their language. These people, continuing about the country and practising their cozening art of fast and loose and legerdemain, purchased themselves great credit among the country people, and got much by palmistry and telling of fortunes, insomuch they pitifully cozened the poor country girls both of money, silver spoons, and the best of their apparel or any goods they could make, only to hear their fortune."

Under the leadership of a king and queen, Giles Hather and Kit Calot by name, "he terming himself the King of the Egyptians, and she their Queen ; riding through the country on horseback and in strange attire," followed by "a pretty train," these English Egyptians, according to contemporary report, went to and fro, wandering up and down, and meeting once a year at an appointed place, sometimes at the Peak's Hole in Derbyshire, and sometimes at Blackheath.

Dekker, writing early in the seventeenth century, heads the VIIIth Chapter of his *Lanthorne and Candle Light* with the title *Moon-men*, "A discovery

of a strange, wild people, very dangerous to towns and country villages," and goes on to say that "a Moon-man signifies in English a madman, because the moon hath greatest domination (above any other planet) over the bodies of frantic persons. But these moon-men (whose images are now to be carved) are neither absolutely mad, nor yet perfectly in their wits . . . they are a people more scattered than the Jews, and more hated, beggarly in apparel, barbarous in condition, beastly in behaviour, and bloody if they meet advantage." Dekker, even among his contemporaries, is remarkable for violent language and vituperative powers. "A man that sees them would swear they had all the yellow jaundice, or that they were tawny Moors' bastards. . . . By a byname they are called Gypsies, they call themselves Egyptians, others in mockery call them moon-men. If they be Egyptians, sure I am they never descended from the tribes of any of those people that came out of the land of Egypt. Ptolemy (King of the Egyptians) I warrant never called them his subjects; no, nor any Pharaoh before him. Look what difference there is between a civil citizen of Dublin and a wild Irish kerne, so much difference there is between one of these counterfeit Egyptians and a true English beggar. . . . They are commonly an army about four-score strong, yet they never march with all their bags and baggages together, but, like boot-halers (freebooters), they forage up and down countries four, five, or six in a company."

Describing the conveyance on horseback of the Gypsy children, Dekker declares that in infancy they are "carted like so many green geese alive to a market in pairs of panniers, or in dossers (baskets) like fresh fish from Rye."

The elder children, Dekker tells, girls as well

as boys, "are hoist seven or eight upon one jade, strongly pinioned and strangely tied together . . . their apparel is odd and fantastic, though it be never so full of rents; the men wear scarves of calico or any other base stuff, hanging their bodies like Morris-dancers with bells and other toys, to entice the country people to flock about them and to wonder at their fooleries, or rather rank knaveries. The women as ridiculously attire themselves, and (like one that plays the rogue on a stage) wear rags and patched filthy mantles uppermost, when the under garments are handsome and in fashion. . . . Upon days of pastime and liberty they spread themselves in small companies among the villages . . . they then profess skill in palmistry, and forsooth can tell fortunes . . . which for the most part are infallibly true by reason that they work upon rules which are grounded upon certainty; for one of them will tell you that you shall shortly have some evil luck fall upon you, and within half an hour after you find your pocket picked or your purse cut."

The references to gypsies by the Elizabethan and Jacobean poets and dramatists are not, as a rule, flattering.

Perhaps the words which Shakespeare puts into the Duke's lips in *Twelfth Night* are the most generous :—

> Why should I not, had I the heart to do it
> Like to the Egyptian thief at point of death,
> Kill what I love—a savage jealousy
> That sometimes savours nobly.

In regard to the Egyptian, the charmer who "could almost read the thoughts of people," and gave his mother, Othello tells Desdemona, a handkerchief—"that handkerchief which I so loved and gave

thee,"—was it given by an Egyptian? for later Othello says—

> It was a handkerchief, an antique token
> My father gave my mother.

In Ben Jonson's masque of *The Metamorphosed Gypsies, as it was presented to King James, first at Burleigh on the Hill; next at Belvoir; and lastly at Windsor, August* 1621, sundry Gypsies with their dances and fortune-telling songs are introduced.

One of the Gypsy players in this masque makes mention of Kit Calot, who, as Samuel Ridd says, termed herself the Gypsy Queen. There is also an allusion to the Peak of Derby, "where the Egyptians throng in clusters":—

"Enter a Gypsy—being the Jackman—leading a horse laden with five little children bound in a trace of scarfs upon him, followed by a second leading another horse laden with poultry, etc."

"Room for the five princes of Egypt all mounted upon one horse," says the Jackman, going on to bid the company "gaze upon them as the offspring of Ptolemy."

Rare Ben Jonson wrote some good Romani songs in the *Gypsies Metamorphosed.* The prettiest, perhaps, is the song in which Lady Purbeck's fortune is offered to her:—

> Help me, wonder, here's a book,
> Where I would for ever look,
> Never yet did Gypsy trace
> Smoother lines in hands or face.
> Venus here doth Saturn move
> That you should be Queen of Love;
> And the other stars consent;
> Only Cupid's not content,
> For, though you the theft disguise,
> You have robbed him of his eyes.

The future of the Prince, afterwards Charles I., was likewise told. But the Egyptian soothsayer on this occasion was a false prophet, and Charles's destiny, alas, was at variance with the golden promise. A splendid marriage alliance was certainly foretold, but the Gypsy further foresaw a "little James" who would play

> Hereafter
> 'Twixt his grandsire's knees and move
> All the pretty ways of love
> And laughter.

Whilst for Charles himself, future aid of the Empire, whose name nothing could bind in peace or war, a glorious career in this world was promised. Afterwards, when taken up to Heaven, a new constellation would shine in the skies in exchange for the magnificence of his life on earth.

Among other commendatory lines to Philip Massinger's play *The Bondsman*, signed W. B.—presumably, Mr. Hazlitt thinks, William Browne —we find the following :—

> Here are no Gypsy jigs[1] or drumming stuff,
> Dances or other trumpery, to delight
> Or take, by common way, the common sight.

[1] Cant term for tricks.

XIII

1505, April 22, "Item to the Egyptians by the King's command, £7."

This entry from the accounts of the Lord High Treasurer of Scotland Mr. Crofton gives "as the first record which undoubtedly refers to Gypsies in Great Britain."

Therefore, unless we are prepared to accept the conclusion of those Gypsiologists who contend that Gypsies have existed in Great Britain since prehistoric times, it is to Scotland we must go for the earliest references to the outlandish people. (M. Bataillard has put forth a theory that Europe in prehistoric times learned from the Gypsies all it knew of metallurgy.)

Once over the border, we are informed by the learned that the first references to the Egyptians in Scotland are traditional, not historical.

Tradition has a trick, however, of establishing itself in the long-run on stable foundations, and of living down the incredibility of intermediate periods. Accordingly, I am quite prepared to believe that in the course of time it will be proved beyond dispute that a company of "Gypsies or Saracens" did travel, as tradition reports, from Spain to Galloway, by way of Ireland, in the reign of James II. of Scotland—that is, before 1452.

Mr. Simson points out (*A History of the Gypsies*) that all the Scottish Gypsies assert that

their ancestors came by way of Ireland into Scotland.

In the reign of James II. of Scotland, the traditionary story runs, it was promised that whoever would disperse a company of Saracens or Gypsies, then infesting the country of Galloway, and bring in their captain alive or dead, should be rewarded for his pains with the Barony of Bombie.

A Maclellan of Bombie "fortunated to kill the person for which the reward was promised, and he brought his head on the point of his sword to the king." The promise was kept; the Barony was conferred on the slayer of the Saracen or Gypsy chief; and, "to perpetuate the memory of that brave and remarkable action," Maclellan took for his crest a Moor's head on the point of a sword or dagger.

Kings in Scotland, however, were soon kinder to the Gypsies.

The King at whose command Egyptians were paid £7, Scotch money, in the year 1505 was James IV. of Scotland, who fell at Flodden. The grandson thus proved himself very much more amiably disposed to the Egyptians than, if tradition speaks truly, did his grandfather, James II., to the Egyptians or Saracens who infested Galloway half a century earlier.

It is suggested by Mr. MacRitchie, whose *Scottish Gypsies under the Stewarts* should be read by every one interested in the subject, that the Spaniards who in 1491 "danced before the King on the causeway of Edinburgh before the Treasurer's lodgings" (*Accounts of the Lord High Treasurer of Scotland*, 1473-1498), being paid the sum of thirty "unicorns" for so doing, may possibly be identified as Spanish Gypsies.

Day-Book of Bethia Hardacre

It was in the year 1505 (I take what I quote from Mr. Crofton's pamphlet) that the King of Scotland, James IV., wrote a notable letter to the King of Denmark, still preserved among the Danish Royal Archives, "with the remains of the seal impressed in red wax and the inscription to King John," commending to his kinsman's protection "Anthony Gagino, Earl of Little Egypt, and others of his retinue." The epistle goes on to state that whilst desirous of making a pilgrimage through the Christian world, by command, he says, of the Apostolic See, the Earl of Little Egypt and his followers recently reached the confines of our kingdom. . . . Having thus sojourned here for a few months, in good and Catholic manner (as we have been informed), he is preparing for a voyage to Denmark to thee, King and Uncle."

If James IV. had shown himself favourably inclined to the Egyptians, so, to an even greater degree, did James V.

In 1530, Egyptians danced before him at Holyrood House, receiving payment of forty shillings through the Lord High Treasurer.

Ten years later the true character of the Gypsies still remained hidden at the Scottish Court, for in 1540 the King entered into a treaty with a Gypsy chief, John Faw, "Lord and Earl of Little Egypt"; and Mr. Simson states that in the same year a writ passed the Privy Seal "in favour of this Prince or Rajah of the Gypsies."

From a lengthy edict I transcribe a brief quotation as follows:—

James, "by the Grace of God, King of Scots," directed all sheriffs, provosts, bailies, etc., to assist "our loved John Faw, Lord and Earl of Little

Egypt, . . . in execution of justice upon his company and folk . . . and in punishing of all them that rebel against him."

The fraud of the Gibeonites when they "did work wilily and went and made as if they had been ambassadors" is often recalled by the records of the sixteenth-century Gypsies.

But the wind on the heath blew cold again speedily for the outlandish people. The following year their kingly patron, James V., caused an Order in Council to be issued—quoted in *A History of the Gypsies*—to the effect that if any three Gypsies were found together, one of the three was to be seized, hung, or shot by any Scottish subject who chose to act as executioner.

This abrupt change of front has been accounted for by another traditional story given by Mr. Simson.

The King, while travelling through his dominions disguised as a gaberlunzie man, fell in with a band of Egyptians carousing in a cave near Wemyss in Fife. "His Majesty heartily joined in their revels; but it was not long before a scuffle ensued, wherein the King was very roughly handled, being in danger of his life."

If the Gypsies' explanation of the scuffle between the King of Scots and the followers of "our loved John Faw" be true, James perhaps deserved the humiliations subsequently inflicted upon his sacred person. (His Majesty was forced to carry the baggage of the Egyptians upon his back till he sank exhausted under the load, and was subjected to other treatment of an insulting nature.)

Till a better reason is discovered for the amazingly sudden change of policy, personal feeling may be

supposed to have influenced the King, for in June 1541 he caused an Order in Council to be issued commanding and charging the Gypsies by open proclamation at the market crosses . . . "to depart forth of this realm with their wives, children, and companies within XXX days after they are charged thereto under the pain of death." All previous treaties and concessions were cancelled, and if any Egyptians "be found in this realm, the said XXX days being past, they shall be taken and put to death."

If threatened men live long, threatened Egyptians live longer. "The King," said Mr. Simson, "whom, according to tradition, they had personally so deeply offended, dying in the following year (1542), a new reign brought new prospects to the denounced wanderers." . . .

In 1553 the Regent Arran, during the minority of Queen Mary, renewed the writ which had passed the Privy Seal in 1540; and the treaty with "John Faw, Lord and Earl of Little Egypt," entered into by James, once more held good.

"Mary, by the Grace of God, Queen of Scots," the writ ran, the favours granted being identical with those of the earlier treaty.

Basking once more in the sunshine of royal favour, I will leave the north-country Egyptians. I have but touched on the fringe of the subject; and let those who would read of *Scottish Gypsies under the Stewarts* turn to the instructive pages of Mr. MacRitchie's book of that title.

XIV

WHEN the road by which the outlandish folk had travelled into Europe was not as well known as at present, it was supposed that, after crossing the Isthmus of Suez, they had sojourned for a period in Nubia, and had there added Nubian magic to their own stock of chiromancy and legerdemain.

But etymology has since made it plain that the Gypsies entered Europe by Persia and Armenia, not by Egypt. The study of Romani words also shows that they lived long in a Greek-speaking land. Furthermore, to quote from Mr. Groome, the identity of the Romani borrowed words seems to disprove the opinion "that the Gypsies of different European countries are the result of successive immigrations."

The Gypsies of Russia, Spain, England, and Hungary use similar borrowed words for many an object of common use—Road = drom; time = chairos; horse-shoe = petul. "Again, every dialect presents a large number of Greek words, testifying to the long residence of the Gypsies in a Greek-speaking land. . . . It must not, however, be inferred from the foregoing that Romani is essentially other than an Indian speech."

As to the origin of the Gypsies a version of perhaps the best-attested theory is given as follows:—"About 420 A.D. . . . the Persian monarch Behram Gur imported 10,000 minstrels from India, assigning

them lands and cattle. But they, wasting their substance, angered the King, who bade them take their instruments and roaming through the land procure by their songs a livelihood. 'Wherefore the Lûri now wander about the world.'"

Mr. Groome, from whose *Theories as to Origin* in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* I have taken the foregoing passage, states that Lûri—modern Persian for Gypsy—appears to be synonymous with Jat.

The Indian origin of the European Gypsies is not, the wise men say, traced only through their language. Resemblance to Indian kinsfolk shows itself in their choice of food, their choice of employment (tinkering—"where there is a smith there is a Gypsy"), their fashion of working with tools—the very form of the bellows with which the Gypsies in Europe work is said to have its prototype in India. Likeness has also been found in the personal appearance of the Indian and the Gypsy—dark brilliant eyes, black glossy hair, nose slightly aquiline, and high cheek-bones.

A Gypsy trait—which, for all their vagabond qualities, is, I believe, well known—their gratitude for kindness, has come within my own ken.

In the days of my childhood a band of Gypsies tarried for a while in an East Anglian village not a hundred miles from London as the Crow flies. (Speaking of Gypsies it would be more correct to say "as the Water-Wagtail flies.")

One of the band fell dangerously ill, and was soon at death's door.

When news of the illness reached the Rector of the parish he exerted himself to afford the sick man all the spiritual and material help that it was in his

power to offer. Pastoral visits were supplemented by gifts of medicine, of nourishing food and of wine (I am writing of times when wine was still thought innocuous), and presently the invalid was convalescent.

On the Sunday evening following the Gypsy's recovery of health, the congregation when assembled for service in the little old village church was roused from the usual soporific composure by the sound of the rapid approach of many quick-treading footsteps ; and this unexpected sound was the forerunner of an unexpected and startling sight.

Tramp, tramp into the dim little church the whole band of Gypsies trooped : to the great alarm, it must be confessed, of some of the habitual churchgoers.

The outlandish people were dressed out in all their native bravery—glittering brass earrings, silver buttons, with glimpses of gay scarlet and green flaunting in cloaks, waistcoats, and handkerchiefs.

With no disturbance, but considerable noise from heavily-booted feet, the Gypsies marched up the resounding wooden staircase and took their places in the gallery. There they seated themselves, and behaved with perfect decorum during evensong and sermon time.

This was the Gypsies' way of saying "Thank you" to their good friend the Rector ; and a prettier or more touching valediction could hardly, I think, have been devised.

Early the next morning the encampment was deserted and the Gypsies were gone.

Did illustrations come within the compass of my plan, a Water-Wagtail, coloured like life, should adorn this page of my Day-book.

THE HOLY BELL

DURING A TEMPEST

Ring the bell! Ring the bell!
Holy bell will toll the knell
Of the evil spirits' sway:
Fearful of the sound are they.
Bell in tempest should be rung,
And the sacred banner hung
To confront the evil spirits of the air—
Spirits that the storm lets loose,
Demons that would souls seduce
From the hallowed way.
Ring the bell and pray for weather fair.

OUT OF THE GERMAN

As now I may not see you,
I longed once more to see
The house that was your dwelling
In days endeared to me.

They carried me last evening
By the familiar road;
Through gaunt, uncurtained windows
A house in darkness showed.

Untenanted each chamber,
Each hearth unlit and cold,
Save one where fading embers
I thought my story told.

XV

THE little windows which, a while ago, were made compulsory in the covered vans that traverse the London streets, gave some romantic and fanciful turns to prosaic advertisements.

(With the little windows the covered vans assume a likeness to Gypsy caravans, which are pleasantly associated with country roads bordered by spacious breadths of grass and common-land.)

A covered van that, until the window-order came into force, bore the dull legend—

Provision
Merchant,

afterwards threaded the streets, advertising upon the black tarpaulin cover, for all who ran to read—

Vision
Merchant.

So is the material transformed to the spiritual by the loss of one syllable, the loss of one syllable being the gain of a window.

There is likewise something of romantic interest in the words—

King's
Parcels;

an interest wholly lacking in the prosaic announcement—

Day-Book of Bethia Hardacre

King's Cross
Parcels Collecting Van.

The nature poets among us, too, may prefer

The Orchard

to

The Orchard Laundry.

In fact, while regarding the covered vans under the new order of things, it is constantly borne home to one that the half is greater than the whole, and elimination is indeed the artist's gift.

Two men convulsed by laughter have just raced down the street.

These runaway men, in fits of laughter, might give a hint to a thief or a person whose adventures are likely to include the leaving of "his country for his country's good."

Laughter disarms suspicion. We are not staled by custom to the sight of persons flying from justice to the accompaniment of volleys of laughter. If, on the other hand, the men in question had raced through the street at a speed which outstripped the motor-omnibuses, their countenances betokening terror, the policeman on the beat would doubtless have thought it well to satisfy himself as to the reason of such impetuous flight.

We, of this period of evolution, trust too much to the evidences of the senses, and too little to the impressions of the subconscious mind. And there the dumb beasts have us at an advantage.

My dog or my cat is uninfluenced by an artificial smile or frown. Lubin, my dog, and Mafy, my cat, are instinctively aware if a personality is sympathetic or antipathetic, if a mood is amicable

or hostile. But the so-called instincts of many of us are atrophied, peradventure, by little use, and we have not as our guide the more subtle and more trustworthy source of information which prompts Lubin and Mafy. Certainly, as far as the sense of direction goes, the animals do better than many human beings.

If there is a terrific crash in the street, the dog or the cat, sitting on the window seat, turns his head towards the site of the disturbance ; but one of the servants, I have noticed under the same circumstance, invariably looks in the counter direction.

When we have learnt a little of the ways of animals, it is hard to deny that much of what we call telepathy, second sight, etc., is closely allied to the sense we miscall instinct in animals.

The foreknowledge of danger ; the power of the mother beast or bird, without the help of sound, to control and exact obedience from her young ; the capacity for conveying good or ill tidings from one beast or bird to another, of receiving impressions outside the channel of the senses we recognise—surely here is one aspect of the thought-reader's powers.

They see much that is akin to telepathy who watch the wild creatures in the woods.

" In sunny weather do you pull down the blinds, Madam, lest the sun fade your carpets ? Answer me this, because in the answer do I get a valuable clue to your character."

I once heard it said that the pulling down of the blinds to save the fading of the carpets, or the letting the carpet "go to the wall" for the sake of the sunlight, was no bad test of temperament and disposition.

Pursuing this investigation, if you draw down the blinds, why and wherefore do you draw them down? Because you are too sick at heart or too ill and weary to bear the light? That is one reason, and because the sunlight will fade the carpet is another.

What I have written recalls the fact to me that the virtues of one generation may be the vices of another. Forty, fifty years ago to permit the sun to fade the carpet was considered an act of inexcusable extravagance.

The salubrious properties of sunlight were still undiscovered, and the preservation of carpets at all hazards was still considered the bounden duty of the housewife. Even so upon some of our valued merits future generations may set a low price, and upon the most cherished goals of our ambition those who come after us may look with contempt. Advantages and disadvantages, good fortune and ill fortune, change places curiously in the big wheel of fortune and the raree-show of life.

I was reading a sermon the other day, preached not fifty years ago, in which the relative fortunes of the rich and poor were set forth.

"Think of the rich consumptive," said the preacher, "sheltered from every breath of heaven; and then turn to the miserable condition of the poor consumptive, exposed to the outer air in all weathers."

Nowadays, of course, Dives, with a tendency to phthisis, would, in that particular, willingly change places with Lazarus; and perhaps the condition on which, in other respects, Dives to-day sets such store will be appraised by Dives' grandson as about as enviable as is to-day that of a consumptive sheltered from every breath of heaven.

Day-Book of Bethia Hardacre

There is a fashion in the apples of the eyes as there is in scenery, in old and new masters, in furniture and in everything else. Who can say in which direction, or towards what goal, the coming generations will press forward? The very insanity of one age is the culture of another. The seeing of auras and hearing of voices, which our grandparents would unquestionably have accepted as signs of lunacy, we accept as tokens of culture and finely tempered organisations.

XVI

THE written word is, or rather I should say can be, an indelible thing.

In this year of grace, could lines better give utterance to the weary, restless longings of the sick than the verse in Mr. Gilbert Murray's beautiful translation of the *Hippolytus* of Euripides—

> Oh, for a deep and dewy spring,
> With runlets cold to draw and drink,
> And a great meadow blossoming
> Long-grassed, and poplars in a ring.
> . . . . .

And again—

> O, take me to the mountain! Oh
> Past the great pines and through the wood.

So the appeal runs on, as it might run to-day from a prisoner in a close London room.

Then to the nurse of Euripides—

> What wouldst thou with them—fancies all,
> Thy hunting and thy fountain brink?
> What wouldst thou? By the city wall
> Canst hear our own brook plash and fall
> Downhill, if thou wouldst drink?

There we have the sick-nurse of to-day, only the sick-nurse of to-day is even more so; as though evolution has developed her on her own lines.

We long to hear the "plashing" of the fountain,

or the ripple of the burn ; she offers us barley-water, or proposes that we should lave our hands in water drawn from the tap of the bathroom.

Yes, and the written word may lead a human creature into heavy expense hundreds of years after the writer has gone to his rest—as I have just proved to my cost.

The author whom I hold responsible for the extravagance of which I have been guilty this 17th day of June 1907 is Richard de Bury by name, at one time tutor to Prince Edward, afterwards King Edward III.

Now this Richard de Bury, who has caused me to stray from the strict path of economy, was not only successively tutor to the Prince, Cofferer, Treasurer of the Wardrobe, Prebendary of Lincoln, Sarum, etc., Keeper of the Privy Seal, Ambassador to Pope John XXII., and Bishop of Durham—for all this he might have been and made me no penny the poorer,—but (and here the cause of my impoverishment comes in) he was a devoted lover of books.

More than this, as will be seen, he boasted of the proclivity that I have striven, perhaps with poor success, to hold in check :—

"This ecstatic love has carried us away so powerfully that we have resigned all thoughts of other earthly things and have given ourselves up to a passion for acquiring books." And that the Bishop was as good as his word we know from his faithful biographer, quoted in the preface to the edition of the *Philobiblon* which, to my loss, I lately acquired. Richard de Bury, we read, "had more books than all the other English bishops put together." Furthermore, "he had a separate library in each of his

residences, and wherever he was residing so many books lay about his bedchamber that it was hardly possible to stand or move without treading on them."

Now, even to hear of this weakness in so great and good a man reduces the power of resistance of those who are by nature easy victims to the alluring fascination of books. But to read of Richard de Bury's deeds is innocuous compared to the reading of Richard de Bury's words. Listen, my reader, to the voice of this tempter and picture to yourself the effect of such words on a book-lover, impassioned as Richard de Bury himself, who at the very moment was debating whether to buy, or not to buy, a set of volumes long wished for, scarce, and now actually in the room, kindly sent "for inspection" by a helpful bookseller. Imagine, if you love old books, these rarities with all the seduction of sound binding, as casing for scarce editions of old poems, old pageants, old tracts, within reach of your hand, and then this—

"No dearness of price ought to hinder a man from the buying of books if he has the money that is demanded for them, unless it be to withstand the malice of the seller or to await a more favourable opportunity of buying."

(Having read so far I called for my despatch-box.)

"For we know that the love of books is the same thing as the love of wisdom. Now this love is called by the Greek word philosophy; the whole virtue of which no created intelligence can understand, for she is believed to be the mother of all good things."

(Here I unlocked my despatch-box and laid my cheque-book on the table beside me.)

"If you come to them they are not asleep; if you ask and inquire of them, they do not withdraw themselves; they do not chide if you make mistakes; they do not laugh at you if you are ignorant. O

books, who alone are liberal and free, who give to all who ask of you, and enfranchise all who serve you faithfully, by how many thousand types are ye commended . . . in the scriptures given us by inspiration of God!"

Here I closed the *Philobiblon* of Master Richard de Angerville, surnamed de Bury, late Bishop of Durham, and took up the pen. A cheque was written, an envelope addressed, but not sealed nor stamped. I returned to the *Philobiblon*. "An old woman, utterly unknown, is said to have come to Tarquin the Proud . . . offering to sell nine books" (we know the story too well). "At last, astonished beyond measure, Tarquin was glad to pay for three books the same price for which he might have bought nine. . . . As Gregory says of the Kingdom of Heaven, they (books) are worth all that thou hast."

I closed down the envelope fast, and I rang the bell, a sense of exultation (not quite hallowed I fear) in my heart.

"Stamp that letter," I said to her whom the sound of the bell brought, "*and let it be posted at once.*"

I was obeyed.

Richard de Bury had made it an absolute impossibility for me to return the thirty old-new books to the bookshop in the High Street, Marylebone, from whence "for inspection" they came.

To find that what we have feared to be a vice is in reality a virtue, is a rare and exquisitely grateful experience.

Richard de Bury, as I have said, extolled the quality that in myself I have long had reason to deplore. Well was it with him, he explains, when

the fame of his love of books was winged abroad, for then there "flowed in, instead of presents and guerdons, and instead of gifts and jewels, soiled tracts and battered codices, gladsome alike to our eye and heart. . . . Among these we would sit down with more delight than a fastidious physician among his stores of gums and spices; and there we found the object and the stimulus of our affections . . . in truth we wanted manuscripts, not moneyscripts; we loved codices more than florins, and preferred slender pamphlets to pampered palfreys." As an incentive to love books, too, Richard de Bury, quoting Socrates, declares that as "leisure without letters is death and the sepulture of the living, so, contrariwise, we conclude that occupation with letters or books is the life of man."

In more solemn mood this prince of good book-lovers points out for the glorification of books that, "our Saviour exercised the office of the scribe when He stooped down and with His finger wrote on the ground, that no one, however exalted, may think it unworthy of him to do what he sees the wisdom of God the Father did. . . . We do not read of the Son of God that He sowed or ploughed, wove or digged; nor did any other of the mechanic arts befit the divine wisdom incarnate except to trace letters in writing, that every gentleman and sciolist may know that fingers are given by God to men for the task of writing, rather than for war." Then in the chapter on the custody of books: "But the Saviour also has warned us by His example against all unbecoming carelessness in the handling of books, as we read in S. Luke. For when He had read the scriptural prophecy of Himself in the book that was delivered to Him, He did not give it again to the minister until He had closed it with His own most sacred

hands. By which students are most clearly taught that in the care of books the merest trifles ought not to be neglected."

"You do want another hat badly," my maid said just now. I turned and looked with the pride of possession at the whole shelf-ful of new-old books.

"Give me the volume of Lydgate's poems. It is almost the last of that row," I said, pointing to the new-old books.

"You do want another hat badly, M'm," my maid repeated, in the belief that I had not heard the words of her complaint.

"And give me also the three volumes next to Lydgate," I said, feeling, at the moment, that, if my hat fell to pieces, I could content myself with a home-made cowl.

Richard de Bury, your influence has stretched far.



THE GHOST

Like to the ghost now do you come
  Of one who came of yore ;
And yet no spectre pale and dumb,
  But fashioned as before :
Not but in semblance and in name,—
In bearing, gesture, mien the same.

Sometimes the very words you say
  You said to me of old—
Words with their spirit passed away
  And all their life-blood cold ;
And when you leave me, tears I shed
For one much loved, for one now dead.

XVII

WHILST not behindhand in deploring the extinction of various species of animals and birds, I consider that scarcely enough regret has been expressed by naturalists, and the world at large, for the extinction of a very valuable and now unattainable product of the vegetable kingdom. I allude to that form of fern-seed which confers invisibility.

Never in the world's history, I contend, was there a time when fern-seed as known to our forefathers would be appreciated as to-day. The power of materialising at will, and only at will, would, in many a case, serve better than a rest-cure or sea-voyage as a recuperative process.

"Had I my own way I should never materialise unless I were alone or with people I really liked," said a friend to whom an hour ago I spoke on this subject: the which observation made me ask myself if we do fully materialise in the presence of uncongenial companions?

I am inclined to think that antagonistic fellow-creatures act figuratively as fern-seed. The qualities we love in our friends are often as wholly hidden as though they were non-existent from others with whom they are out of sympathy.

Of course if a stock of the famous old fern-seed were thrown upon the market to-morrow, complications, quarrels, and dislocation of existing relations might arise.

Jealous, huffy people would doubtless complain, "You never materialise for me, though you always do for Mrs. Over-the-way or His Excellency."

Still at this moment I would take the risk of any such unpleasantness for the sake of the boon that the introduction of fern-seed would secure.

An hour hence I may be of a different opinion.

When the other day I was turning over a florist's catalogue (not in search of fern-seed), very appropriate to human beings proved some of the descriptions of plants.

Among the fellow-creatures with whom we are acquainted, who does not number folk "well suited for decorative purposes"—"beautiful plants for conservatory or greenhouse"? To speak from personal experience, I have come across at least one person of whom it might be said, "requires deep soil and plenty of room." Beknown to me, too, are beings of "easy culture, flowering freely," and others who, by the worldly-wise at least, should "be cut as soon as fully expanded."

Then, again, there exist people of a type in direct contrast to those of the order last mentioned,—reticent, tenacious people, of whom it might well be said, "the flowers are finer when the plants become established."

Some specimens, the catalogue tells, succeed best "when not planted in too rich soil," some "when not too much crowded together"; others are "most effective in masses," or may best be described as "a good strain of the ordinary flowering kind."

The prototypes of all the aforementioned varieties are familiar to me, and the same may be said of the plant which "blooms in the winter months." This plant is a prototype of a friend in need. "Will

last a long time in flower and thrive well in poor soil or shaded places"—"of robust habit"—"of compact growth"—"rather drooping in habit"—"making a good display with little trouble"—"to attempt to hasten growth with this genus is at all times a failure"—"beautiful and indispensable in any garden"—"new and charming"—of "elegant form"—"handsome, erect-growing"—"a climbing plant of very rapid growth"—"a trailing perennial"—"plants of deserved popularity."

I seem to recall more than one trailing perennial among the fellow-creatures with whom I have been brought into proximity, and various specimens of "tender annuals requiring gentle warmth." Men and women "of well-proven usefulness" are known to me—also, alas, one or two of whom it might be said, "will thrive in poor soil as well, or better, as when more generously treated." "Of bold outline and majestic growth," the catalogue continues—"an interesting plant and one that profusely flowers"—"of enormous size and great substance." Yes, a human prototype occurs to me here again; but for politeness' sake I must drop this subject, for I find I have reached the vegetables, and am describing a desirable broccoli for late use.

The following pleasant lines are from *Gascoigne's Gardenings*. "These toys in rhyme" were written, the poet tells, at the end of his "close walk"—

> If any flower that here is grown,
> Or any herb, may ease your pain,
> Take and account it as your own,
> But recompense the like again;
> For some and some is honest play,
> And so my wife taught me to say.



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If here to walk you take delight,
Why come, and welcome, when you will :
If I bid you sup here this night,
Bid me another time, and still
Think some and some is honest play,
For so my wife taught me to say.

Thus if you sup or dine with me,
If you walk here, or sit at ease ;
If you desire the thing you see,
And have the same your mind to please ;
Think some and some is honest play,
And so my wife taught me to say.

XVIII

It is often taken as an omen of future ill-omen when forebodings have proved correct.

"I was right then, why not now?" And as the human mind in the matter of prognostication and second-sight runs oftener to tragedy than comedy—to ill fortune than to good fortune—the seers among us who believe in their own seerdom are not as a rule of a joyous temper.

For one foreboding of weal, human nature is inclined to entertain ten of woe.

When unaccountable high spirits have presaged sudden death and the human creature was held to be "fey," perhaps the subconscious mind rejoiced that the spirit was soon to be free.

Although since the early centuries, religion has made vigorous resistance to superstition, the very forms of superstition exhibited by Christians converted from heathenism and rebuked by the fathers of the Church are still in evidence among us.

If Christians no longer, as in the days when S. Eloy denounced impious customs, place lights on stones, at fountains, or where three ways meet; if vows are not paid to trees, sorcerers and diviners are still consulted as they were in the seventh century. If herbs are not enchanted, amulets are worn. "Pay no attention to auguries," said S. Eloy. "Let no Christian observe the day on which he leaves or

returns home, for God made all the days. . . . Let none regulate the beginning of any piece of work by the day or by the moon. . . . Let none presume to hang amulets on the neck of man or beast, even though they be made by the clergy and called holy things and contain words of Scripture. . . . Let no woman presume to hang amber beads on her neck; or in her weaving or dyeing, or any other kind of work, to invoke Minerva or any other ill-omened person; but let her desire the grace of Christ to be present in every work, and confide with her whole heart in the power of His Name. . . . Neither let any one fear to set about any work at the new moon; for God has made the moon . . . to temper the darkness of the night, and not to hinder anybody's work, nor that it should make any man mad, as foolish persons think. . . . Moreover, as often as any sickness occurs, do not seek enchanters, nor diviners, nor sorcerers, nor soothsayers, nor make devilish amulets at fountains, or trees, or cross-roads."

A beautiful passage in the same sermon on Gentile superstitions derived from the heathen practices, is translated as follows:—"Let not any man, then, believe that the heaven, or the stars, or the earth, or, in short, any creature whatsoever, is to be adored except God; because He, by Himself alone, created and arranged them. The heaven, indeed, is high, the earth great, the sea immense, the stars are beautiful; but He who made all these things must needs be greater and more beautiful. For if these things which are seen are so incomprehensible—that is, the various produce of the earth, the beauty of the flowers, the diversity of fruits, the different kinds of animals—some on the earth, some in the waters, some in the air—the skill of the bees, the blowing of

the winds, the showers of the clouds, the noise of thunder, the change of seasons, and the alternation of day and night—all which things the human mind hath never yet been able by any means to comprehend, — if therefore these things which we see, without being able to comprehend them, are such, how ought we to estimate those heavenly things which we have not yet seen? And what is the Creator of them all, at whose nod all were created, and by whose will all are governed? Him then, brethren, above all things, fear; Him in all things adore; Him beyond all things love; cling to His mercy, and never lose your confidence in His loving-kindness."

XIX

"WHAT sort of a day is it, Sir, out in the great world?"

"Cold and grey, with heavy clouds and a shifting wind," came the answer.

Truly the thermometer has not kept pace with the calendar, for it is cold enough for a fire to-day, and to-day is the 12th of August.

A warm fire and a widely open window is a pleasant enough condition of temperature; and the climate which requires a blazing fire on the hearth in the evening, after sun-blinds and parasols through the day, is, I think, a pleasant climate.

The 12th of August! Perhaps, then, it is the calendar which, at this point, turns my thoughts to hot days and cold nights in Scotland—days when the sun, beating fiercely upon heather and bog-myrtle, distilled hot aromatic scents, and nights when a dry, crisp touch—a reminder of frost—was perceptible.

While the moors were turning from purple to sable, and the sky in the west showed golden above dark hills, my sense of comfort would suggest the lighting of a fire.

Then kindling wood would crackle and flames blaze till the attraction of light and heat drew me from the window to the hearth.

More Pages from the

Far back go my thoughts, flying fast as homing birds over the intervening space we call time, till they are arrested at last by the memory of a chill autumn evening in a country of wild moors.

On that evening I stood alone by an open window in a room illuminated by a blazing wood fire, and looked down upon the track that wound away across the hills.

From that window in the Scotch Highlands I could see a small company of wayfarers whose appearance denoted a long journey and much fatigue. They drew near, and then halted; and presently, after lighting a rude lamp, one of the number stood apart from his companions, and, with raised voice, first preached a very brief discourse, then sank upon his knees and prayed, and lastly sang the opening bars of a hymn—a Moody and Sankey or a Salvation Army hymn, I think.

The comrades of the man joined in the singing of the hymn, and one by one, and presently by twos and threes, the people of the moorland hamlet, emerging from the dim darkness, gathered round.

Then another prayer was offered, and another member of the evangelist band addressed the very modest congregation.

The preacher seemed in earnest, and whether it was the setting of the hills and the background of the wild moors, or the sympathetic, almost pathetic voice of the preacher, there was something impressive and magnetically touching in the pleading tones which held the minute congregation spellbound.

Suddenly and without warning the preacher's voice was drowned by the din of primitive bagpipes played by a half-tipsy piper; and the bystanders, impressed and attentive hitherto, burst into rude volleys of laughter.

The preacher strove to make himself heard again, but the bagpipes played brutally on, and boys and girls, and the older folk likewise, joined in the boisterous laughter. The preacher, who by the light of the flaring lamp looked tired and exhausted, after further vain efforts, patiently undertaken, to make his voice audible, gave up the attempt as hopeless.

The lamp was extinguished ; the Bible and hymn-book were slipped into a shabby knapsack, and the little company of missioners, without another word even to each other, passed on into the night, very soon to be out of sight—whither bound I know not.

The desolate way they followed across the moor was a track that led over hills and heather for many a mile ; and darkness had already set in.

I closed the window humiliated—a trifle disgusted, indeed, with the genus human-being to which I belong, and anxious to shut out the loud rough laughter, foolish or boorish, or both.

"How *could* people be so brutal?" I thought. The preacher was in earnest—in deadly earnest—and his companions, as far as could be judged, were in deadly earnest too.

It was not for their own gain in any way that they had preached and prayed. (There had been no symptom whatever of any passing round of the hat.) They came across the hills that evening to offer the best they knew of, and just at the very moment when it seemed that the result they hoped for was within reach, attention was turned into insulting laughter.

We of the West show ourselves, in the matter of reverence, lamentably wanting in the attribute to which Lafcadio Hearn refers as the "cosmic emotion of humanity."

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In regard to reverence and respect for human endeavour, as well as for human beings, the saying of Iyeyasu, hero and statesman, is quoted by Lafcadio Hearn :—

"When found one day by a retainer cleansing and smoothing an old worn silk garment, this is what the hero Iyeyasu said : 'What you see me do I am not doing because I think of the worth of the garment in itself, but because I think of what it needed to produce it. It is the result of the toil of a poor woman, and that is why I value it. *If we do not think while using things of the time and effort required to make them, then our want of consideration puts us on a level with the beasts.*'"

And herein lies the reason perhaps why, to minds not totally devoid of refinement, wanton destruction of whatever is the result of honest pain and labour is abhorrent ; while to natures wholly coarse and brutal there is amusement to be found in wanton destruction, or, if wanton destruction does not conduce to amusement, it is regarded with indifference.

Reverence and spirituality are coexisting qualities; therefore the race which is the least spiritual must be the most wanting in reverence. We cannot revere that which remains wholly hidden from our spiritual and intellectual vision. If no gleam lightens the darkness of our souls, we stumble on as if blindfold, treating angels as obstacles.

XX

MICHAEL DRAYTON was linked by the ties of close friendship to William Browne; and in his poem *Of Poets and Poesy* he refers after this wise to the author of *Britannia's Pastorals*—

> Then the two Beaumonts and my Browne arose,
> My dear companions whom I freely chose
> My bosom friends; and in their several ways
> Rightly born poets, and in these last days
> Men of much note, and no less nobler parts,
> Such as have freely told to me their hearts
> As I have mine to them.

Drayton, it has been said, was not only William Browne's friend, but his companion in misfortune.

To my noble friend, Mr. William Browne, of this Evil Time, is the title of an elegy from his pen, opening with the lines—

> Dear friend, be silent, and with patience see
> What this mad time's catastrophe will be.

Tradition tells that Drayton was a disappointed man. He had hoped for the laurel, "but finding Mr. Samuel Daniel, who was in great credit with Queen Anne, preferred before him, . . . he was grievously troubled; and no doubt it added to his discontent when upon the death of Mr. Daniel, with whom, if I divine right, there had been a rivalship for many years, the laurel devolved upon the brow

of the celebrated Ben Jonson, who was indeed our author's friend, which might in some measure alleviate his sense of the second disappointment." Thus writes the author of *An Historical Essay on the Life and Writings of Michael Drayton, Esq.*, 1753.

Critics, however, disagree as to whether Daniel was laureate or not in the modern sense of the word.

Old Fuller, dealing with the question of the laureateship in England, speaks on this mooted point with an uncertain voice.

Some of the English poets, he tells, "have assumed that style unto themselves, as John Kay, in his dedication of *The Siege of Rhodes* to King Edward IV. subscribing himself his humble poet laureate." Others, Fuller relates, but wore the laurel by the courtesy of their fellows, and it was usual "to see their pictures before their books, and statues on their tombs, ornamented accordingly. . . . I write not this as if I grudged to poets a whole grove of laurel, much less a sprig to encircle their heads, but because I would not have any specious untruth imposed on the reader's belief." Yet some there are, he admits, who avow that "there is always a laureate poet in England, and but one at a time"; and also that there has been a constant succession of poets thus honoured at Court.

The inscription on Michael Drayton's monument in the Abbey, where his remains lie near to those of Chaucer and Spenser, proves that the ascribing of the laurel wreath to a poet by his contemporaries might be only a complimentary tribute, and "no ceremonious creation by Court or University"—

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MICHAEL DRAYTON, Esquire,
A memorable Poet of this age,
Exchanged his Laurel for a Crown of Glory, 1631.

Drayton was very proud of his title of Esquire, Mr. Hooper, who edited the 1876 edition of his poems, states.

To account for the disappointment and neglect suffered by many of the poets after the union of the Crowns of England and Scotland, the author of the *Historical Essay on the Life and Writings of Michael Drayton* says quaintly: "In Queen Elizabeth's reign greatness resided in her, and the most exalted statesman never failed of receiving from time to time such lessons of sovereign authority as kept him in his primitive humility, and hindered him from forgetting his power was only derivative. Poets, therefore, made their court to the Queen by making their works useful to her subjects; and here Drayton was in his element. But under King James, a prince of a mild and placid temper, all his ministers were the slaves of those above and tyrants to all below them. They courted the King by offering him incense as if he had been an idol; and in their turns they expected incense too, which, if they received, they snuffed from whatever hand it came. But it is the curse of idolatry to take its priests, like those Jeroboam made for his golden calves, from among the meanest of the people, and our author was not, nor would make himself, one of these."

Sturdy, upright Michael Drayton, we may believe, was too proud to cringe to the favourites through whom alone James might be reached. The fashion of the times made it possible for men, incapable of other servility, to prostrate themselves before a crowned head as if before the Deity.

Whatever might the reason be, it is certain that if, after death, Drayton won a grave in the Abbey and an eulogistic epitaph by a contemporary as chary of praise as Ben Jonson, his hopes for advancement were blighted during his life.

If there was much friendship between Drayton and William Browne, and some similarity of experience, their muse was cast in diverse moulds, that of Drayton being first and foremost heroic.

He could be exquisitely playful, with a rare ironical playfulness and fancy, as his fairy and flower poems show. He could paint birds with the fidelity of the old Dutch painter's touch. He loved rural England (and Wales); he loved the English rivers; he loved the Thames and her broods of silver Swans as dearly as did Spenser and "Willie" Browne. But his muse was heroic, as was not the muse of William Browne, and buckled on her harness as if to the manner born. In the language of his time, Drayton could discard Apollo's appurtenances for those of Mars.

We hear the clang of arms and the stir of battle in his heroic verse; and the most censorious critic in the world could not possibly complain as did Ben Jonson—unjustly, be it said—when speaking of Daniel's poetry to Drummond of Hawthornden, "that he had wrote the Civil Wars and yet had not one battle in all his book."

In *The Battle of Agincourt* (the long epic so entitled) we are reminded, in the England of 1415, of the England of 1900-1901, when, as in the year of Agincourt, the flower of the nation took arms—

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In all men's mouths now was no word but war,
As though no thing had any other name;
And folk would ask of them arrived from far,
What forces were preparing, whence they came.

. . . . . .

Who works for war now thriveth by his trade.

. . . . . .

In the England of 1415 there was no work for the men of the law. There was then "no business at the bar." The lawyer was idle in his chamber before Agincourt—

For he hath now no business at the bar
But to make wills and testaments for those
That were for France, their substance to dispose.

. . . . . .

But the England of 1415 left a record of more splendid and picturesque colour than did the England of our latest war—

Tents and pavilions in the fields are pitched,
E'er full wrought up, their roominess to try;
Windows and towers with ensigns are enriched,
With ruffling banners, that do brave the sky;
Wherewith the wearied labourer bewitch'd,
To see them thus hang waving in his eye,
His toilsome burden from his back doth throw,
And bids them work that will, to France he'll go.

. . . . . .

One trains his horse, another trails his pike;
He with his pole-axe practiseth the fight;
The bowman (which no country hath the like)
With his sheaf-arrow proveth by his might
How many score off he his foe can strike,
Yet not to draw above his bosom's height.
The trumpets sound the charge and the retreat;
The bellowing drum the march again doth beat.

. . . . . .

The man in years preached to his youthful son
Pressed to this war, as they sate by the fire,
What deeds in France were by his father done,
To this attempt to work him to aspire;

And told him there how he an ensign won,
  Which many a year was hung up in the quire ;
And in the battle, where he made his way,
How many Frenchmen he struck down that day.
. . . . . .
The good old man, with tears of joy, would tell
  In Cressy field what prizes Edward play'd ;
As what at Poictiers the Black Prince befell,
  How like a lion he about him laid ;
In deeds of arms how Audley did excel ;
  For their old sins how they the Frenchmen paid ;
How bravely Basset did behave him there ;
How Oxford charg'd the van, Warwick the rear.

Splendidly came out the King's great ships of war—The *Bonaventure*, the *George*, the *Expense*, the *Henry Royal*, the *Antelope*, the *Elephant*, the *Defence*.

Then we hear of twelve merchant-ships "of mighty burden" and "new off the stocks," that rode "in Thames by Limehouse and Blackwall"; "eight goodly ships" from Bristol; "five more from Padstow came along with them."

From Plymouth, from Dartmouth, from Lyme, Weymouth, Newcastle, Yarmouth, Harwich, Sandwich, vessels put out.

Nine ships for the Nobility there went,
Of able men the enterprise to aid ;

and a list of proud names is given — Warwick, Northumberland, Suffolk and Stafford, Darcy and Camois, FitzWalter, Willoughby and Ross, Seymour and St. John — patriots sending horse and foot, men-at-arms, and archers, in ships lent to the King at their own charge.

We have this picture of farewells—

There might a man have seen in every street,
  The father bidding farewell to his son ;
Small children kneeling at their father's feet ;
  The wife with her dear husband ne'er had done ;

Brother his brother with adieu to greet;
One friend to take leave of another run;
The maiden, with her best-beloved to part,
Gave him her hand who took away her heart.

The embarkation of the companies of men—their colours and devices—is next depicted.

The men of Kent above their emblem showed one proud word, "Unconquered." The men of Sussex bore a black lion rampant; the men of Surrey, "checky blue and gold," "which for brave Warren, their first Earl, they wore." The Hampshires bore the arms of Bevis; the Dorsets, a silver tower emblazed on a red banner; the men of Berkshire—

A stag under an oak that stood;
Oxford, a white bull wading in a flood.

"The mustered men for Buckingham" set out "under the Swan—the arms of that old town."

The Londoners and Middlesex as one
Are by the red cross and the dagger known.
The men of Essex, overmatched by none,
Under Queen Helen's image marching down.

The men mustered for Suffolk came with a half-risen sun; for Norfolk with "a triton on a dolphin's back."

Hertford sent "two harts that in a river play." Bedford, "an Eagle perched upon a tower"; Northampton, a lion-supported castle. The men of Rutland, "in their rich ensign bear an ermin ram."

Stout Warwickshire, her ancient badge, the bear;
Worcester, a pear-tree laden with the fruit;
A golden Fleece and Hereford doth wear;
Stafford, a hermit in his homely suit.

(Many hermits formerly lived in Staffordshire, it being all forestry, we are informed in a footnote.)

Then the ensigns showed "an archer, clad in green," for Nottingham—"it was the picture of old Robin Hood";

> Cheshire, a banner very square and broad,
> Whereon a man upon a lion rode.

Yorkshire exhibited a flaming lance; Northumberland, two lions in deadly combat; till at length we reach the Welsh contingents—among them Carmarthen, a rood in her colours, and the wizard Merlin pointing at a star.

The alarm of the ocean when it beheld the burden it was asked to bear is then depicted—

> The seas, amazèd at the fearful sight
> Of arms and ensigns that aboard were brought,

shrank terrified from the spectacle of streamers, banners, pennons, and ensigns "upon each poop and prow," and a freight "so full of terror." The waves could hardly be brought back to a natural course—

> As the vast navy which at anchor rides
> Proudly presumes to shoulder out the tides.

The very birds of France turned traitors and aided the English on the day of S. Crespin and Agincourt.

> The gameson Lark now got upon her wing
> As 'twere the English early to awake,
> And to wide Heaven her cheerful notes doth sing
> As she for them would intercession make;

while the French, sunk in sluggish slumber, confined themselves to their cabins till aroused by the ill-omened croaking of flocks of Ravens which hung over the army like a black cloud.

The enemy found such consolation as they could for the evil augury by declaring that the Ravens were assembled in expectation of the feast with which the

swords of the Frenchmen were about to provide them.

In this kingly fashion did the fifth Harry take the field—

> In warlike state the royal standard borne
> Before him, as in splendrous arms he rode,
> Whilst his curveting courser seemed in scorn
> To touch the earth whereon he proudly trod.
> Lilies and lions quarterly adorn
> His shield, and his caparison do load ;
> Upon his helm a crown with diamonds dekt
> Which through the field their radiant fires reflect.

The versatility of Drayton's genius cannot be more clearly seen than by turning direct from *The Battle of Agincourt* to *Nymphidia*, from the "princely Henry," conqueror of France, with his lily-and-lion-adorned shield, to the land of Faery.

Drayton's fairies are indeed fairies. The queen and her attendants could take shelter in a hazel-nut, and sleep therein as safe as in a castle.

A cowslip-blossom formed Queen Mab's bower ; the wheels of her chariot were shod in thistle-down to prevent rattling on the stones. To shield the queen and her ladies from the wind, a cobweb was thrown over the chariot. If music were wanted a bumble-bee played upon his hautbois.

But it is in *The Muses' Elysium*, even more, perhaps, than in the Courts of Faery, that the sylph-like quality of one aspect of Drayton's genius is shown best.

XXI

In the cupboard with glass doors, that contains sundry old books in my possession—Poole's *English Parnassus*; the works of Gervase Markham, who, alas, we read in Aubrey was somewhat of a rogue; *The Compleate Gentleman*, by Henry Peacham, *printed at the signe of the Crosse-Keys at St. Paul's Gate*, 1661, and lately republished; *Gemmarius Fidelius, or The Faithful Lapidary, printed at the Prince's Armes at the lower end of Chancery Lane*, 1659; Robert Chester's *Love's Martyr*, with its supplement by Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Marston, and Chapman, and curious bird and animal lore; and many another volume as well—there stands a time-worn but perfect copy of the first edition of Drayton's *Muses' Elysium, lately discovered by a new way over Parnassus*, and dedicated to Edward, Earl of Dorset.

It may be fancy, but somehow the magical charm of the old poetic writers seems more or less to be crushed out of the modern reprints of their writings—welcome as such reprints are for workaday purposes.

Now for *The Muses' Elysium*—

> The poet's paradise this is
> To which but few can come,
> The Muses' only bower of bliss—
> Their dear Elysium.

Here in groves of myrtle the nymphs meet, and are courted by shepherds; and shepherds make offer of alluring gifts, in which birds form a component part, hoping thereby to win favour. Sparrows, for instance, "whose pretty eyes like sparks do show"; Sparrows prepared to perch upon their mistress's hair, and then battle together for her amusement. Doves too—

> Of Doves I have a dainty pair,
> That when you please to take the air
> About your head shall gently hover,
> Your clear brow from the sun to cover.
>
> . . . . .
>
> They be most dainty coloured things,
> They've damask backs and chequer'd wings,
> Their necks more various colours show
> Than there be mixèd in the bow.
>
> Venus saw the lesser Dove
> And therewith was far in love,
> Offering for 't her golden ball
> For her son to play withal.

With flowers court is made.

Lilies for a nymph's tresses; a mantle woven of violet leaves; a ruff of pinks; and for headgear a tire of netting fringed with primroses and violets—

> And in each knot that does compose
> A mesh, shall stick a half-blown rose.

Jewels too are humbly offered, a crown of coral set in orient pearls—

> And for thy neck a crystal chain
> Whose links shap'd like to drops of rain,
> Upon thy panting breast depending
> Shall seem as they were still descending.

Amber bracelets also, cut like bees; and ivory buskins carved like scollop shells are mentioned.

The lover who could not win favour by the aid of his Sparrows strove to tempt Lirope with the offer of Swans, when she pleased "to stem the flood," as she was "of the watery brood" : Lirope's mother was a fay, her father a rivulet—

> I'll have twelve Swans, more white than snow,
> Yoked for the purpose, two and two,
> To draw thy barge.

"Brave tassell'd flowers" of woodbine with flowered flags and king-cups should adorn the boat, and—

> The naiads that haunt the deep
> Themselves about thy barge shall keep,
> Recording most delightful lays
> By sea-gods written in thy praise.

His rival interposes—

> Tush, nymph, his Swans will prove but Geese,
> His barge drinks water like a fleece.
> A boat is base ; I'll thee provide
> A chariot wherein Jove may ride.

A very splendid chariot in truth : inlaid with ambergris, gilded with yellow ore "produced from Tagus' wealthy shore," drawn by twelve white stags, their stately antlers adorned with nosegays, and, for guard, ostriches whose curled scented feathers would perfume the air.

But, alas, the nymph, refusing to choose between her lovers, accepted neither swain.

> Of garlands, anadems, and wreaths
> This nymphal nought but sweetness breathes,
> Presents you with delicious posies
> And with powerful simples closes.

So runs the argument of another nymphal, and the promise is amply fulfilled.

Day-Book of Bethia Hardacre

Old Clarinax, a hermit, is found sorting his simples. He responds to the friendly greetings of the nymphs with far greater geniality and politeness than would, I should imagine, be commonly the case with members of the hermit persuasion when their privacy was not respected. So complimentary is he, indeed, that the nymphs fear that listeners might hold him guilty of flattery, and he is begged to desist.

> Be not too lavish of thy praise,
> Thou good Elysian hermit,

says Lelipa the spokeswoman, going on to suggest that Clarinax had best talk shop, *i.e.* confine himself to the subject of his simples.

The Elysian hermit takes the hint and straightway discourses as a specialist.

The laurel is for the conqueror or poet; the palm for the valiant in adversity; the oaken wreath is for him who in battle has redeemed from death some man of worth; vervain is for heralds; the willow is for the forsaken, the cypress for funerals; the pine is dedicated to Pan—

> The lover with the myrtle sprays
> Adorns his crispèd tresses.

The nymphs, however, like mere mortal maidens, are not long content to sit and listen. They wish to weave garlands for themselves; and they call upon the hermit to tell them if the flowers made use of are rightly chosen.

The poet of *The Muses' Elysium* and the *Eclogues* must have loved flowers. He gives his nymphs a lavish supply to play with—roses and pansies, "the curious, choice, clove July flower," cowslips, "the pleasant primrose," marigolds (Dray-

ton, as did George Wither and his friend "Willie" Browne, loved marigolds), honeysuckle, "the lily and the flower-delice," columbines, sweet-williams, sops-in-wine (carnations). Then for a chaplet of herbs—basil, eglantine, lavender, musk, marjoram, thyme, hyssop—"an herb most prime,"—balm, mint, tansy, and rosemary.

The crowns and garlands woven by the white hands of the nymphs are all very well in the hermit's opinion; but he is not easily "enthused," and shows himself well satisfied with the superiority of his own simples and proceedings: as hermits mostly are, it may be supposed, or they would not permanently remain hermits.

He draws attention to herbs "in magic often used"—nightshade, henbane, poppy, hemlock, holy vervain and dill, "'gainst witchcraft much availing." (It is surprising that there should be any need for simples "good against witchcraft" in Elysium.) He mentioned horehound as "'gainst the mad dog's ill"; mandrake, to procure love; lunary, "in sorceries excelling." He refers to saxifrage, dodder, mercury, hellebore, mallow, betony, mentioning their several uses. He could cite a thousand more "most worthy of revealing," but time presses and business calls him: a madman has been consigned to his care in the hope that a cure may be effected.

Then we have the marriage nymphal.

For wedding gown we have "pansy, pink, and primrose leaves," "powdered with flowers of rosemary." "Moons from the Peacock's tail" and plumes from the Bird of Paradise and the pheasant's head serve for "a curious canopy." For music, "the Nightingale, of birds most choice," must do her best, with Mavis, Merle, Robin, Lark, Linnet, and Thrush,

"to make a set." For the part of songsters in the bride's chamber the Wren and the Titmouse are chosen. The bed-furniture is described as follows :—

> Of leaves of roses white and red
> Shall be the covering of her bed ;
> The curtains, valance, tester, all
> Shall be the flower imperial,
> And for the fringe, it all along
> With azure harebell shall be hung.

The ninth nymphal is enriched with jewel-lore—the diamond, the king of gems ; the emerald, that resists poison ; the ruby, that revives the spent ; the jacinth, that strengthens sense, provokes sleep, and preserves from thunder and pestilence ; "the purple-coloured amethyst, 'gainst strength of wine prevailing" ; the sapphire, "heavenly wholly," preventing weariness and melancholy ; turquoise and beryl, to avert evil ; opal, that of every precious stone retains some colour.

In the final nymphal we find that Elysium is invaded by an old satyr.

Nature lovers among us will sympathise with the complaint of the satyr, and hold the reason valid that he gave the nymphs for his unexpected appearance in Elysium.

In the world, he said, men had destroyed all the great and goodly woods, "whose growth their grandsires with such suff'rance sought" ; where nymphs, fauns and fairies once danced, where the deer once sheltered, where choirs of birds once sung, where dainty groves of oak and ash and elm and beech once stood, the flames of furnaces had devoured everything. Men had destroyed the forests, had derobed the earth.

The nymphs sympathised so fully with the suffering caused by men's folly and cupidity that

they gave the poor old satyr "the freedom of Elysium," and canonised him as a saint.

The quaint and curious poem *Noah's Flood* is packed with animal and bird lore. Noah opens the Ark ; and straightway—

> The King of Beasts his fury doth suppress,
> And to the ark leads down the lioness.
> . . . . . .
> The wreath'd-horned ram his safety doth pursue,
> And to the ark ushers his gentle ewe.
> . . . . . .
> The hart with his dear hind, the buck and doe
> Leaving their wildness, bring the tripping roe.
> . . . . . .
> The unicorn leaves off his pride and close
> There sets him down by the rhinoceros.

Hither too comes—

> The spotted panther, whose delicious scent
> Oft causes beasts his harbour to frequent.

The delicious scent of the panther was constantly mentioned by the old writers ; and it was supposed that the crafty animal used this gift of natural perfume to entice the creatures he preyed upon to their doom.

Then, if the lion did not lie down with the lamb, the sheep lay beside the wolf ; the hare reposed close to the bear—

> The ass upon the lion leaned his head,
> And to the cat the mouse for succour fled.

The squirrel cast himself into the Ark, "as 'twere a ship-boy come to climb the mast" ; the tortoise and the hedgehog, usually so slow, had "good footmen grown," fearing to be left behind.

Then the birds were ushered in.

The Eagle, the Swan, the Peacock, "the swift-winged Swallow feeding as it flies, with the fleet

Martlet thrilling through the skies," the loving Pelican, the constant Turtle, the charitable Robinet " whose nature taught the others to be tame."

When the water decreased upon the earth Drayton paints with loving touch the pleasure of the " damask-coloured Dove " on finding solid ground. He

> thrusteth out his breast,
> Spreadeth his tail and swelleth up his crest;
> And turning round and round with cuttry-coo,
> As when the female pigeon and he woo;
> Bathing himself, which long he had not done,
> And dries his feather in the welcome sun,
> Pruning his plumage, cleansing every quill;
> And going back, he beareth in his bill
> An olive leaf; by which Noah understood
> The great decrease and waning of the flood;
> For that on mountains olives seldom grow,
> But in flat valleys and in places low.

I see in my mind this damask-coloured Dove, the one living thing at freedom on the great earth, bathing and pruning his feathers in the brilliant sunlight while the remnant of created things wait for his return.

The joy of the beasts and birds at the sight of the Dove bringing back the olive leaf is quaintly told, and so is their exit from the Ark.

> Each male comes down, his female by his side,
> As 'twere the bridegroom bringing out his bride.

Underlying the quaintness we feel the piety and sweetness of the poet.

It has been said that Drayton is a past-master in " la science des noms," and the truth of the statement is shown in *Poly-Olbion.*

More Pages from the

The first part of *Poly-Olbion* was published in 1612, the poem being accompanied by the commentaries of Selden. The second part, for which Ben Jonson wrote commendatory verses, was not published till ten years later.

In his preface the author of the illustrations says that "to Gentlewomen and their Loves is consecrated all the wooing Language, allusions to Love-passions and sweet Embracements," comprised in the work. To the more severe reader is dedicated whatever deals with Battle, abstruse Antiquities, and "the Law of the Kingdom."

Drayton's vast and recondite learning, as well as his close observation and love of nature, is displayed to the full in *Poly-Olbion.*

To turn to the *Epistles* or *Elegies*, no more delightful epistolary poem was ever penned than Drayton's lines, "to his dearly-loved friend, Henry Reynolds," *Of Poets and Poesie.* In the recalling of hours when the friends talked over the fire, he goes on to enumerate and eulogise the English poets from the days of "noble Chaucer" onwards.

Chaucer, Gower, Surrey, Gascoigne, "grave moral Spenser," "the noble Sidney," Marlowe, of "those brave translunary things," Nash, Shakespeare, Daniel, "learned Jonson," "reverend Chapman," Silvester, Sandys, Alexander of Menstry and Drummond of Hawthornden, for whose dear sake "I Menstry still shall love and Hawthornden," till days when "the two Beaumonts and my Browne uprose."

Drayton was born at Hartshill in Warwickshire in 1563. "He was born within a few miles of William Shakespeare, his fellow-countryman and

poet," says Fuller, "and buried within fewer paces of Geoffrey Chaucer and Edmund Spenser." He lived and died unmarried. So perhaps she to whom he addressed the beautiful sonnet "Since there's no help, come let us kiss and part," could not or would not marry him.

As Spenser was Colin, Sidney, Astrophel, Thomas Watson, Amyntas, so Drayton was Roland to his brothers in poetry; and speaking of the pangs of love, Barnfield in his *Shepherd's Content* writes—

> By thee great Colin lost his liberty,
> By thee sweet Astrophel forwent his joy,
> By thee Amyntas wept incessantly,
> By thee good Roland lived in great annoy.

Roland *was* "good Roland"; and the epithet was no poetic fiction. His contemporaries testify with remarkable unanimity to his sweet and estimable disposition and irreproachable life.

We may divine his strong, upright, self-contained character in his sonnets—

> I hear some say this man is not in love:
> . . . . .
> Read but his verse and it will easy prove.

To this he makes answer—

> When other men in depth of passion cry,
> I laugh at fortune, as in jest to die.

And again he writes—

> When conquering love did first my heart assail,
> Unto mine aid I summoned every sense.

Once the "conquering love" had won the victory and resistance proved unavailing, it is easy to believe that Drayton's steadfast heart remained true to the one passion of his life.

Day-Book of Bethia Hardacre

Since there's no help, come let us kiss and part—
Nay, I have done, you get no more of me,
And I am glad, yea, glad with all my heart,
That thus so cleanly I myself can free ;
Shake hands for ever, cancel all our vows,
And when we meet at any time again,
Be it not seen in either of our brows
That we one jot of former love retain.
Now at the last gasp of Love's latest breath,
When, his pulse failing, passion speechless lies,
When Faith is kneeling by his bed of death,
And Innocence is closing up his eyes,
Now if thou wouldst, when all have given him over,
From death to life thou mightst him yet recover.

XXII

SINCE writing the other day I have come across further reference to the laureation of Skelton in particular, and of poet-laureates in general.

Although there was already a poet attached to the Court at the time of Henry III. (a Frenchman who went by the old-world designation of Master Henry the Versifier and received the annual stipend of £10 as King's poet), Malone (in his *Life of Dryden*) asserts that the title of Poet-Laureate does not occur earlier than the time of Edward IV., when, as Fuller states, John Kay, dedicating to the King a prose translation of a Latin history of the siege of Rhodes, styles himself *his humble Poet-Laureate.* Neither Chaucer nor Gower was ever, Malone declares, "regularly and expressly appointed to this office"—the office of Royal Laureate,—though Chaucer was the recipient of a royal pension and a "due allowance of sack."

Andrew Bernard, a blind Augustine monk, Malone relates, was Poet-Laureate and Historiographer to Henry VII. and Henry VIII.

"In 1489 John Skelton was laureated as a rhetorician at Oxford, and a few years afterwards was permitted to wear the laurel publicly at Cambridge (says the same writer), previously to which he had been honoured by Henry VII. with a grant to wear either some particular dress or some additional ornament on his ordinary apparel. That he was Poet-

Laureate to Henry VIII. may be assumed from the titles of some of his works"; and Mr. Dyce, in his *Account of Skelton and his Writings*, points out that we may infer from lines written by Skelton himself "that he wore as Laureate a dress of white and green, or perhaps a white dress with a wreath of laurel. It was most probably on some part of the same habit that the word *Calliope* was embroidered in letters of silk and gold." The lines referring to the said embroidery run as follows :—

Why were ye Calliope embroidered with letters of gold?

Skelton, Laureate (*Orato. Reg.*), maketh this answer, etc.—

Calliope,
As ye may see,
Regent is she
Of poets all;
Which gave to me
The high degree
Laureate to be
Of fame royal :
Whose name enrold
With silk and gold
I dare be bold
Thus for to wear, etc.

It is not now easy to ascertain when the office of Royal Poet-Laureate was first instituted, Malone goes on to say. Degrees in grammar, which included rhetoric and versification, were anciently conferred in the Universities, and this circumstance occasioned much confusion on the subject. "A wreath of laurel being presented to the new graduate on taking his degree, he was afterwards frequently styled *Poeta Laureatus*; and this scholastic laureation certainly gave rise to the appellation by which the Court Poet was distinguished." Malone also quotes Warton's statement that the King's Poet-Laureate is

only, strictly speaking, "a graduated rhetorician employed in the service of the King."

In regard to later laureateships, Malone tells his readers that "Elizabeth had no Poet-Laureate, till in February 1590-1 she conferred on Spenser a pension of £50 a year, the grant of which was discovered some time ago in the Chapel of the Rolls; from which time to his death in 1598-9 he may properly be considered as filling this office. . . . From the death of Spenser to the year 1616 the poetical throne was vacant, though in that period Daniel, Jonson, Dekker, and others furnished the Court with pageants and masques, and may during that interval be considered as volunteer Laureates. About four months before the death of Shakespeare, January 1, 1615-6, King James granted to Ben Jonson a pension of one hundred marks a year (£66, 13s. 4d.) during his life, 'in consideration of the good and acceptable services heretofore done, and hereafter to be done by him, the said Benjamin Jonson'; a grant which invested him with all the dignity and functions of Poet Laureate."

In a passage entitled *The Original of giving the Crown of Laurel to Poets*, Selden, after referring to Skelton and Kay as crowned Laureates under Henry VIII. and Edward IV., says, "But John Gower, a famous poet under Richard II., buried in S. Mary Overies Church, hath his statue crowned with Ivy mixt with Roses."

The words with which Selden concludes his observations in *Titles of Honour*, on the wearing of the laurel, prove that he wrote the same at the request of the contemporary Laureate—"and thus have I, by no unseasonable digression, performed a promise to you, my beloved Ben Jonson."

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A Form of Laureation by the Chancellor of the University of Strasburg in 1621 :

"I create you, being placed in a chair of state, crowned with laurel and ivy and wearing a ring of gold, and the same do pronounce and constitute, *Poet Laureate* in the name of the Holy Trinity, the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen."

XXIII

"I LIKE constitutional virtues," said James Northcote, in conversation with his friend Ward.

Most of us, I suppose, agree with the sturdy old painter in this liking. For are not constitutional virtues the virtues of lovable natures? and it goes without saying that lovable natures are more lovable, if not more estimable, than natures of any other fibre.

Looking for instances that confirm this statement among the people of my acquaintance, it is hard not to come to the conclusion that lovable people are those whose virtues are natural, unacquired.

We may honour and revere the mortals who drive themselves on the curb, who by dint of strenuous endeavour succeed in eradicating their besetting sins and inborn evil qualities. But when, to change the metaphor, in the gardens of such temperaments ill-favoured weeds are eradicated, arid places are sometimes brought to the notice of beholders, very deserts devoid of blossom and promise.

Or if arid tracks are not the result of weed-eradicating, they are exotic flowers of virtue that take the place of weeds; and exotic flowers, if more wonderful and even more beauteous than are the wild flowers indigenous to the soil, have not always equal charm.

Of course, this theory does not hold good in the case of the saints. But then, the saints are of the nature of miracles and of the nature of exceptions

that prove the rule. The saints are not to be encountered at every street-corner, or even in the porch of every village church, and so we need not take them into common account.

Lovable people are therefore, I fancy, the people whose constitutional virtues please us, who instinctively show themselves to be that which commends human nature to our sympathy.

Such folk display the qualities which go straight to our hearts instead of reaching our hearts—if our hearts are ever reached—by a roundabout way through our heads.

Yes, Sir, your acquired virtues command my respect. Self-control is an admirable attribute, still that iron grip which prevents an exhibition of bad temper by the exercise of immense self-control is apt to be formidable as well as meritorious. And somehow the subconscious mind, or the instinct, call it what you will, is a thing of subtle intuition—a thing that recognises the fires of wrath and hostility which lie behind or below the frozen surface.

The subconscious mind, after some mystical fashion, can hoist the danger-signal till the denser intellect at length dimly feels the want of security, the want of accord.

But we run no such risk when the constitutional virtues are in question. The constitutional virtues and the personality are one. The subconscious mind sets up no danger-signal where the constitutional virtues are concerned.

The possessor of constitutional virtues that please us may, on the surface, treat us ill, may to outward appearances fail us and disappoint our expectations; but the stuff of the culprit's being is congenial to the stuff of which we are made, and to forgive the sinner seventy times seven, aye, seven hundred times seven,

is no task impossible of achievement. Or forgiveness is not even needed perhaps: he is lovable, and we cannot, if we will, withhold absolution. Virtues and attractiveness parade themselves before the inward eye of our mind and satisfy some fundamental requirement of that inexplicable combination of attributes which we term our nature.

"I HEAR THE SOUND OF WATERS"

I hear the sound of waters,
Of rushing mountain streams—
Round the brown rocks they eddy
With snow and silver gleams.

I see the purple heather;
The golden whin I see;
I breathe airs sweetly laden
With moorland fragrancy.

Would you see what I look on?
Would you hear what I hear?
Turn back, then, from the Present,
And to the Past draw near.

THE STRENUOUS LIFE

Ask not for ease—ask for the strength that can
Essay and then achieve life's toilsome plan.

XXIV

THIS is a day that is not a Red Letter day in my Calendar. It is a day of good-bye and of all that good-bye means.

Good-bye, good-bye, good-bye, and God bless you. Be happy, be good, and good-bye.

Is a tenacious nature a nature to be desired, I wonder? Of a truth, if life were done with when we put off mortality I should answer this question with No.

Still, taking heed of the present only, it must be painful to know that the world is populated with cast-off, done-with friends; with folk once dearly loved and no longer cared for—evidences of feeble, unstable human disposition—dead friendships and dead loves.

"A lead coffin, please, quickly."

"What inscription on the coffin-plate, urgent Sir or Madam?"

"None, none; and over the grave set up no tombstone. Let the grass grow quickly. Force it to grow quickly; quicker than grass ever grew yet."

Fickle heart (it is I and not the funeral furnisher or grave-digger who speaks), perhaps to your fickleness will punishment be meted out, try as you may to escape.

The dead friendship may consent to lie lapped in

lead below the turf, or below the cold stones of forgetfulness; but surely the dead love will walk and haunt you sometimes. Perhaps the dead love will walk through your thoughts, if not through your room, at the very moment when you hold the living love in your arms—haunting you at the time when you would give the future to forget the past.

So the dead are sometimes avenged. They cannot, for a certainty, be put always out of sight. They rise and walk sometimes; when the faithless heart would have it that they had never lived they rise and walk sometimes.

One of Time's most tragic attributes is Time's power of filling up places.

If the dead, our loved dead even, came back to-day, how many would still find house-room, if they still found heart-room, I wonder? How often would not their place be filled by some one unwilling to relinquish his seat?

I do know just a few instances in which the dead after two-score years might pass in to their familiar room this evening and find it ready for them. But, with these few exceptions, let us imagine for a moment (apart from the amazement and the awe) the disturbance the dead would cause if they now came back. How often would not the old claims and obligations, the old authority that the long absent wielded, be felt as an intolerable tie.

Children, kinsfolk, heirs, would they submit again to the former dispensation?

Argus, the dog, too often, alone of all living creatures, would whole-heartedly resume relations at the broken-off point.

It is better not to come back.

XXV

Among the curious lore and interesting opinions to be found in the *Life and Letters* of the Rector of Morwenstow, it is explained why the indulgent treatment of pet animals won not only Mr. Hawker's sympathy but approval.

In remembrance of my little King Charles spaniels I like to quote the arguments given below :—

"No one, whose opinion was worth having, ever condemned a pet. Come now, let me say a strange thing, but true. Our Blessed Saviour sanctioned indulgence to pets. The term for little dogs is in the Greek 'Kynaria,' and it is the exact phrase which would be used in that language for King Charles and Blenheim small spaniels. Well, when the woman, the Syrophœnician, pleaded with Jesus for her daughter, although she was a Gentile and an alien in those days from God, although He at first to try her said coldly, using a Syrian proverb, 'It is not meet to cast the children's bread to dogs,' yet when she made answer and entreated, saying, 'Truth, Lord, yet the Kynaria—the favourites, the pet dogs—are fed with the fragments that fall from their gentle Master's table,' Jesus favourably received her reason—sanctioned the practice—allowed the special favour shown to petted animals,—and so, because of that plea of hers, He granted and approved her prayer. Now henceforth let no one say that indul-

gence to animals, or their favourite companionship, is wrong."

In an adjoining passage Mr. Hawker quotes Lavater, and refers to Lavater's and other wise men's rules for the judgment of strangers. Watch their treatment of animals. "Nor did I ever see a true and noble nature but a kind love for the animals was a prominent part"; which conclusion will only be agreed with by those among us in whom humanity toward animals is a strongly developed characteristic. For the rest, until human nature undergoes a profound change, the opinion of Lavater and the Rector of Morwenstow upon this subject will, I fear, carry little weight.

The curious tract preserved at the Bodleian Library, *Observations on Prince Rupert's White Dog, called Boy: carefully taken by T. B., for that purpose employed by some of quality in the City of London*, illustrates the diverse points of view from which, in old-world fashion, an animal can be regarded.

The tract (a satirical composition, printed in the year 1643) handsomely fulfils the promise of the title-page.

"Right Worship—Since the unfortunate death of Mr. Blake, I have, according to the direction of the two secretaries you named to me, had a strict eye upon Prince Rupert's dog called Boy," says the writer, and straightway goes on to make over to his correspondent his observations, first of the qualities of Boy, next of his behaviour to others, and lastly of others' behaviour to him.

As to his qualities, Boy had the gift of prophecy, and had prophesied "that the King shall enter

London before May-day next with three thousand horse and foot," and that he himself shall be courted ; and that "heads more round than his own shall bow to him ; that he shall ride in a city pageant triumphantly overlooking the people, and be feasted by a lawful Lord Mayor."

Boy was furthermore believed to be endowed with the gift of language—"For with a kind of generous confidence he mounts the table and the cupboard under a pretence of courting his master, and by those cunning means hath his ear oftener than his barber hath—for the Prince takes but little care of his head." Boy was also held to be poison-proof and weapon-proof, and his supernatural endowments included a gift for catching bullets in his mouth as in a trap.

In regard to the behaviour of "Prince Rupert's witch" to others, it was noticed that he lay "with his eyes fixed upon the King and his master, and with one foot on the King's toe and another on Prince Charles, his."

In respect to spiritual affairs Boy is complained of as carrying himself "most popishly and cathedrally, and he observes our Fasts no more than we do their Feast." He never misses public prayer, "and trots up towards the East End when there is a painted window," thereby showing unmistakable signs of a papistical tendency.

For the behaviour of others to him, Boy's critic notes the affection and caresses bestowed on "the four-legged Cavalier" by Prince Rupert ; while "the King's affection is so extraordinary to him that some in the Court envy him, and others nourish fears and jealousies of him." Objection is made to the King's well-known habit of feeding Boy continually, as he dines or sups, with mouthfuls "of capon and such

Christian-like morsels." Furthermore, a gentleman usher had been heard to swear "that it was a great shame the dog should sit in the King's chair as he always doth."

Boy, devoted friend to the royal house, and execrated enemy of the Puritans, met his death at last on Marston Moor, as did many another brave soldier and servant of the King.

His many previous hairbreadth escapes could only be accounted for, in the opinion of the Roundheads, by ascribing his safety to the special protection of the Evil One (who favoured his own). But on that fatal day when the life of Prince Rupert "himself would have been lost but for the goodness of his horse," the star of Boy's fortune set.

In the hurry and excitement of the charge, says the author of *Prince Rupert Palatine*, the Prince forgot to tie up his much-loved dog to the baggage waggons, and Boy took advantage of the oversight to follow his master into battle. "Among the dead men and horses which lay upon the ground," wrote Vicars, "we found Prince Rupert's dog, killed."

On Marston Moor Prince Rupert lost much—hope for the success of the royal cause, prestige, friends, followers. The crushing disasters of that day made it always for him, we are told, one of bitter memories. Perhaps he did not count the death of his devoted companion of many years, his dog Boy, unworthy to be numbered among the irretrievable misfortunes of that fatal 22nd of July.

Boy, you who fell in battle long ago, I salute your memory.

If in those happy fields, where good and devoted

dogs win the reward of their fidelity here, you encounter my spaniels - gentle, I pray you of your courtesy to treat their little dogships with kindness. Their name should predispose you in their favour, for they are King Charles spaniels.

XXVI

Of the customers of the shops to be seen from this window, it is the customers of the Family Baker who carry the thoughts of the onlooker farthest afield.

The folk who enter the precincts sacred to the *Coiffeur* or to the vendor of *Robes et Modes* are mostly of London, Londony, but the glass doors of the Family Baker open to persons of passage, fresh from country parsonages and far-away dwelling-houses, whose windows give upon village greens and gardens embowered with roses.

There are still people who prefer a pastry-cook's shop to a twentieth-century restaurant, when luncheon-time or tea-time finds them in London for the day, and such people as these have a remote, exotic air when seen in the London streets.

London is not the natural element of those two shy, prettily-faded maiden ladies, wearing black-lace bonnets, "relieved" with a faint pink rosebud, and attired alike in garments of pale dove-coloured hue. Their very gloves are of the same dim shade. Their umbrellas are twin umbrellas; their light brown tresses, finely streaked with silver, differ not a hair's-breadth in arrangement. Those ladies come from Arcadia, the Arcadia that includes a well-organised parish. They are good church-women and church-workers, and can weave holly wreaths

for Christmas, or decorate with spring blossoms for Easter in properest fashion.

The garden of the sisters is aglow with fragrant flowers—I see the trim parterres plainly; they drive a lethargic white pony, whose sides press the shafts of an old-fashioned basket-work carriage; they belong to a book-club, perhaps even to a reading union; they read biographies, well worth reading, as a duty for the space of one hour a day; and then, for recreation, they read a story-book.

They are far too nice to read any but irreproachable fiction; and the nearer the story-book approaches *Heartsease* or *The Young Stepmother*, the better they like it, and the more cordially they praise it as "a very pretty book."

The dog of their house is an old Skye-terrier, Angus by name. He lies on the dry gravel of "the sweep" on a sunshiny morning, and is never disturbed by wheels in the forenoon.

His mistresses are most particular that the tradesmen should remember that there is a *back* door. If marks of carriage-wheels disfigure the neat gravel, it is later in the day, and the gardener is then called upon at once to rake away all traces of the disturbing presence.

Such are the ladies, I am certain of it, who have just entered the shop of the Family Baker. They wish to keep up with the times, and this, though the expense is a little inconvenient, entails the coming to London for the day occasionally; and once a year, perhaps, when the exhibition of the Royal Academy is open, they prolong their stay to the extent of the inside of a week. Their belief in the Royal Academy is pathetic to the point of tragedy; and the fact that the drawing-master who gave them lessons in water-colours years and years ago was "an exhibitor,"

means to his former pupils an artist to be spoken of in the same breath as Turner and Constable.

While these ladies were seated within the precincts of the Family Baker drinking cups of tea and pretending to consume currant buns, who should approach but a stately, white-haired, red-faced clergyman, accompanied by a little old lady—his wife—the expression of whose countenance told of gentleness, sweetness, and all that is good and kind.

It was just when the demure sisters, having paid for their buns and cups of tea, were passing out again into the noisy street, that they caught sight of this stately, white-haired, red-faced clergyman and the little old lady; and the joy and surprise on their faces would take a more melodramatic pen than mine to describe.

The maiden ladies had but left home this very morning, and here actually was the Rector and dear Mrs. Lightfoot in London, while the sisters had not the faintest idea that they were nearer than a hundred miles away.

Was there ever anything more charming and reassuring? And how small, after all, the world is! and how *very* extraordinary, too, not to have known that it was to-day that their friends at the Rectory were coming up. How truly strange! Life is full of surprises of the most startling kind.

The Rector is a genial gentleman, genial in a courtly, old-fashioned manner; and when he fired off a rectorial joke, the maiden ladies first looked at one another, and then laughed almost more than they thought decorum permitted. How humorous the Rector is. How more than humorous, how extremely witty; and how very clever and amusing gentlemen are. Papa was just the same, and so was poor Bertram, who died in Australia long ago.

After the discharge of this excellent joke, Mrs. Lightfoot drew the sisters into conversation, while the portly Rector, having done his part handsomely, stood a few paces distant, tapping the pavement with the ferrule of his umbrella and gazing up at the sky. Arrangements were doubtless being made by his wife and friends for meeting "at home" to-morrow, or at latest the day after.

Then, as the wind this afternoon is blowing from the south-west, the abrupt sound of a clock in the King's Road could be heard by the three ladies. The Rector, perhaps, is the least thing in the world deaf.

Mrs. Lightfoot, with a look of appeal, spoke a word or two that led him to consult his watch. It never does to trust to strange clocks.

The Rector announced the hour, his repeater confirming, I fancy, the King's Road clock. He also, I fancy, mentioned the time that it would be wise to allow for reaching the station; and by a gentle tremor, and the least little touch of nervous agitation, the sisters showed that they, as well as Mrs. Lightfoot, feared to lose their train.

A passing four-wheeler was hailed. The Rector, with elaborate care and courtesy, handed the ladies into the hackney-coach. The cabman received minute and twice-repeated instructions regarding the best route from one of London's principal thoroughfares to one of London's principal "terminuses." Dr. Lightfoot took his place in the cab, and the horse was turned and driven (I think) to Liverpool Street Station.

My blessing goes with you, good people. You have wafted my thoughts to the country-side, where dutiful quiet lives are lived in peaceful places.

XXVII

"For arsenic to put into the paste to save the giants from being eaten by rats."

The above entry (of one shilling and fourpence) was among the charges which the Chester civic authorities paid for the construction of some of the giants which took a prominent part in the pageants and mysteries of the past.

"A pageant without a giant," says Mr. Fairholt, "was as bad as a play without a devil—a dull business enough," and the detailed accounts incurred by keeping giants have become amusing from the gravity with which the items were set down. Thus we have from the Capper's Company account for the Coventry giants—

1547. Item Paid for canvas to make the giant a new skirt . . . . ixd.
1549. For mending of his head and arm . xvjd.
1551. Dressing and mending of the giant . xviijd.

From the Drapers' account of the same city under the date 1556 there is an entry—

Paid to Robert Crowe for mending of the giant xxs.
1557. „ painting of the giant's wife ij. iiij.

The Coventry giant's wife required painting again in 1560, for in that year payment was once more made for the work. This gigantic lady, however, was not altogether an unprofitable possession,

for in 1557 the sum of two shillings and fourpence was received by the Draper's Company "for the hire of the giant's wife at midsummer." So it is evident, as Mr. Fairholt points out, that these effigies "swelled public shows by the loan of their figures."

It was customary to exhibit the giant at the setting of the midsummer watch, and accordingly payment "for the candlestick in his head and the light" was one of the expenses incurred.

Dr. Plott in his *History of Oxfordshire*, quoted by Brand, mentions a custom at Burford of "making a dragon yearly and carrying it up and down the town on Midsummer Eve." A giant took part in the procession. Bonfires were also lit on Midsummer Eve—a relic of the pagan rites at the festival of the summer solstice.

In the celebration in honour of the return of King Henry V. after the victory of Agincourt, a giant bearing an axe and the keys of the city was set up on the top of the tower at the entrance to London Bridge. "By his side stood a female of scarcely less stature." Lydgate is said to have composed the songs used on the occasion of this triumph, when the King was met by the Mayor of London and the Aldermen, "gorgeously apparelled in *orient-grained scarlet*." Four hundred commoners, well mounted and trimly horsed, with red collars and great chains, "also met the King, and the clergy of London received him at S. Thomas of Waterings" in solemn procession with rich crosses and many censers. The King, we read, "as one who remembers from whom all victories are sent, seemed little to regard the vain pomp and shows, insomuch that he would not suffer his helmet to be carried with him, whereby the blows and dints upon it

might have been seen by the people; nor would he suffer any ditties to be made and sung by minstrels of his glorious victory, because he would the praise and thanks should be altogether given to God."

During the pageants exhibited to welcome King Philip to London, two giants holding copies of Latin verse were erected at the drawbridge of the Tower; and similar giants took part in the celebrations on the occasion of "the Passage of our most dread Sovereign Lady, Queen Elizabeth, through the city of London to Westminster the day before her coronation, Anno 1558."

In the Lord Mayor's Show of 1672 (after the fire of London) "two extreme great giants were drawn through the city, each of them at least fifteen foot high, that do sit and are drawn by horses in two several chariots, moving or talking . . . as they ride along, to the great admiration of the spectators." The great fire had evidently consumed the old civic favourites, as a hope is expressed by the writer of the account given above that no such disaster may destroy the new figures. "At the conclusion of the show they are to be set up in Guildhall, where they may be daily seen all the year."

If the scenic effect of giants was valued by the people of England, and the "proper proportions" of these huge effigies occasioned, as we learn, great delight, the exhibition of devils, and of the "property" known as "Hell Mouth" or "Hell's Head," also afforded much popular satisfaction. Hell's Head required expenditure for its upkeep, as did the giants. Mr. Fairholt quotes from the account of the Drapers' Company of Coventry the following items:—

1537. Paid for painting and making new Hell's Head . . . . xijd.
1538. Paid for mending Hell's Head . . vjd.

Persons were paid for "keeping Hell Mouth" or attending at "Hell Mouth," probably to open or shut the structure, as in the superior specimens the mouth was supplied with hinges, and could be opened or closed at will. A charge for coal for keeping up Hell-fire during the pageant was no unusual item of the cost—"Paid for keeping of fire at Hell Mouth."

Hell Mouth was represented by a gigantic devil's head, with demons in attendance, and the porter of Hell took an important part in the proceedings, assisted by subordinate devils.

An illustrated account of Hell Mouth as the people of England in mediæval times knew and admired it, is given in Hone's *Ancient Mysteries*: "The Mouth of Hell was very well done, for it opened and shut when the devils required to enter and come out, and had two large eyes of steel," is the appreciative criticism of the diabolical head. The love of the horrible and grotesque is a quality that we do not share with our forefathers.

In the mystery plays, on the lowest of three platforms, it was usual to represent "a dark pitchy cavern, from whence issued the appearance of fire and flames, and when it was necessary the audience was treated with hideous yellings and noises in imitation of the howlings and cries of wretched souls tormented by relentless demons. From the yawning cave the devils constantly ascended to delight and interest the spectators." The mysteries and other pageants served as powerful instruments in the hands of the Church, and the Church took advantage of such weapons to the utmost limit.

The philosophy, or rather extreme enjoyment, with which the spectators saw such realistic exhibitions of flames, tortures, and devils of the most

hideous description engaged in torturing souls, is made doubly curious, according to modern notions, by the fact that the people who regarded Hell's Mouth and the attendant devils and executioners with approval had a lively faith in that doctrine of future physical punishment which the diabolical figures illustrated with such lurid success.

In one of the Towneley Mysteries (the play of *Juditium or the Day of Doom*) the devils joke, laugh and rejoice over the circumstance that their victims are many, and exultingly remark that souls come in such numbers to Hell that the porter is for ever at work and has no time to rest.

XXVIII

Then rouse thy feathers quickly, Daniel,
And to what course thou please thyself advance ;
But most, me seems, thy accent will excel
In tragic plaints and passionate mischance.

So wrote Spenser of "the new Shepherd late upsprung," in *Colin Clout's come Home Again*—that poem of contemporary criticism, cast in the form of a pastoral, which was composed after the visit to London (1591), when Sir Walter Raleigh presented the creator of *The Faerie Queene* to Queen Elizabeth.

"For his diction alone he would deserve to be studied by all students or lovers of poetry, even if his works did not abound with passages of singular beauty. Thoughtful, graceful, right-minded, and gentle-hearted, there is no poet in any language of whom it may be inferred with more certainty from his writings that he was an amiable and wise and good man."

Such is Southey's estimate of Samuel Daniel, "well-languaged Daniel"; and it is scarcely possible for the most captious student of the poetry in question to disagree with the judgment.

Daniel—as was Spenser himself, and as were Sidney and William Browne—was a poet's poet.

Spenser, Nash, Peele, Lodge, Barnefield, Drayton, Browne, Sir John Davies, Drummond of Hawthornden, Carew, are among those who paid homage to

his muse "and Daniel praisèd for thy sweet-chaste verse."

"I have never seen any copies on the old poets but Mr. Daniel is therein mentioned with honour," Langbaine writes in his *Dramatic Poets*, and goes on to quote—

> The pithy Daniel, whose salt lines afford
> A weighty sentence in each little word.

But not the "pithiness" of Daniel's accents, but their plaintiveness, is the impression produced on the reader of his poems. Spenser was a true prophet; Daniel's accents do most excel—

> In tragic plaint and passionate mischance.

The plaintiveness is sweet, and of the softest, smoothest melody. "Delia's servant's file" was a delicate instrument—

> Oh that I could old Jefferie's muse awake,
> Or borrow Colin's fair heroic style,
> Or smooth my rhymes with Delia's servant's file.

So Sir John Davies wrote of Chaucer, Spenser, and Daniel.

Southey, in verse, referring to the Laureateship, does homage to Daniel as follows:

> That wreath which in Eliza's golden days
> My master dear, divinest Spenser, wore;
> That which rewarded Drayton's learned lays,
> Which thoughtful Ben and gentle Daniel wore.

Aubrey places Daniel among the Laureates; but quotations from old Fuller and other writers given elsewhere explain that the appellation, in former times, was used in a wider sense than at present.

Laureate or no Laureate, Daniel held an assured

position at Court. He produced masques and entertainments given in the royal presence; and some commendatory verses to "my dear brother and friend, Mr. John Florio," bear the signature "Sam Daniel, one of the gentlemen extraordinary of Her Majesty's most royal privie Chamber."

The Calendar of State Papers for the year 1604 records an entry regarding a licence "to train up children to be called 'Children of the Revels of the Queen,' and to exercise them in playing within the Blackfriars in London or elsewhere; all plays to be allowed by Sam Danyell": in which order we have, perhaps, an explanation for the autocratic Ben Jonson's dislike and jealousy of the gentle poet whom he finally eclipsed.

Dr. Grosart, to whose edition of Daniel's poems I have gone primarily for the facts these notes give, points out that this licensing order must have been a permanent function and post, for under the date July 10, 1615, is found the following entry:—

"The King has been pleased, at the mediation of the Queen on behalf of Sam Danyell, to appoint a company of youths to perform comedies and tragedies at Bristol under the name of the Youths of Her Majesty's Royal Chamber of Bristol. Has consented to it as being without prejudice to the rights of his office."

By some strangely untoward fate, the distasteful care and company of children was, through the years, imposed on Daniel. Of the irksomeness of tutorial tasks he writes in a letter to Lord Keeper Egerton with a present of his works: "Such has been my misery that whilst I should have written the actions of men I have been constrained to live with children."

Fuller, among his *Worthies of Somersetshire*, refers to Daniel as "an exquisite poet," and goes on as follows :—

"He was a servant in ordinary to Queen Anne, who allowed him a fair salary. As the tortoise burieth himself all the winter in the ground, so Mr. Daniel would lie hid at his garden-house in Old Street, nigh London, for some months together (the more retiredly to enjoy the company of the Muses), and then would appear in public to converse with his friends, whereof Dr. Cowell and Mr. Camden were principal. Some tax him to smack of the old cask, as resenting the Romish religion; but they have a quicker palate than I who can make any such discovery. In his old age he turned husbandman and rented a farm in Wiltshire nigh the Devizes. I can give no account how he thrived thereupon; for though he was well versed in Virgil, his fellow-husbandman poet, yet there is more required to make a rich farmer than only to say his Georgics by heart. . . . Besides, I suspect that Mr. Daniel's fancy was too fine and sublimated to be wrought down to his private profit."

Fuller adds that Daniel lived "in a competent condition," neither suffering from poverty nor excess of wealth.

For proofs of the plaintive melody of Daniel's verse we have not to turn over many pages of his poetic works; and there is a haunting quality in the sad sweet tune which lingers in the memory when we have closed the book.

In the dedicatory epistle to Prince Henry before *The Tragedy of Philotas* we have such lines as these that follow, referring first to a future in which he would have no part, and then to the happier past—

Though I, the remnant of another time,
Am never like to see that happiness,
. . . . . .
And know, sweet Prince, when you shall come to know,
That 'tis not in the power of Kings to raise
A spirit for verse that is not born thereto ;
Nor are they born in every Prince's days,
For late Eliza's reign gave birth to more
Than all the other kings of England did before.
And it may be, the genius of that time
Would leave to her the glory in that kind,
And that the utmost powers of English rhyme
Should be within her peaceful reign confined ;
For since that time our songs could never thrive,
But lain as if forlorn ; though in the prime
Of this new raising season we did strive
To bring the best we could unto the time.
And I, although among the latter train,
And least of those that sung unto this land,
Have borne my part, though in a humble strain,
And pleased the gentler that did understand.
. . . . . .
. . . But years have done this wrong,
To make me write too much and live too long.

In the verse to Henry Wriothesly, Lord Southampton, a like note, "most musical, most melancholy," is sounded—

The world had never taken so full note
Of what thou art, hadst thou not been undone,
And only thy affliction hath begot
More fame than thy best fortunes could have done.

The same enchantment of sad, softly flowing music is found in the solemn *Funeral Poem upon the Death of the late Noble Earl of Devonshire*—

Now that the hand of Death has laid thee there
Where neither greatness, pomp, nor grace we see,
Nor any differences of earth, and where
No veil is drawn betwixt thyself and thee ;

Now, Devonshire, that thou art but a name
And all the rest of thee besides is gone,
When men conceive thee not but by the fame
Of what thy virtue and thy worth have done.
. . . . . .
Where all attendance and observance ends,
Where all the sunshine of our favour sets,
Where what was ill no countenance defends,
And what was good th' unthankful world forgets.

Then in regard of the honesty of his testimony to the worth of the dead and the truth of his verse—

And I stand clear of any other chain
But of my love which, free born, draws free breath ;
The benefit thou gav'st me to sustain
My humble life, I lose it by thy death.
. . . . . .
For I have learnt it is the property
For free men to speak truth, for slaves to lie !
. . . . . .

So flows the solemn melody "which might have been composed," says Hartley Coleridge, "to the knell of muffled bells"—

But let it now sufficient be that I
The last scene of his act of life bewray ;
Which gives th' applause to all, doth glorify
The work, for 'tis th' evening crowns the day.

These are the words which the poet puts into the lips of the subject of his verse when death drew near—

"And as for death," said he, "I do not weigh,
I am resolved and ready in this case.
It cannot come t' affright me any way,
Let it look never with so grim a face ;
And I will meet it smiling, for I know
How vain a thing all this world's glory is."
And herein did he keep his word—did show,

Indeed, as he had promisèd in this.

. . . . .

For this doth argue, too, thy great deserts,
For honour never brought unworthiness
Further than to the grave, and there it parts
And leaves men's greatness to forgetfulness,

. . . . .

But, Devonshire, thou hast another tomb,
Made by thy virtues in a safer room.

The quotation below is taken from *A Panegyric Congratulatory to the King's Majesty*—

Thou ever hast opposèd all thy might
Against contention, fury, pride, and wrong,
Persuading still to hold the course of right,
And peace hath been the burden of thy song.

In the *Epistle Dedicatory* to the masque of *Hymen's Triumph*, addressing his benefactress, always the poet's friend, Daniel in majestic verse tells that the Queen has—

. . . brought the land more blessings every way
Than all the daughters of strange kings have done.

The following lines are from *The Complaint of Rosamond*. The first refer to life at a Court, and I quote the last as an instance of silvery gliding metre—

There, where the worser thrives, the better weeps.

. . . . . .

But hap comes never, or it comes too late.

. . . . . .

Our frailty's doom is written in the flowers
Which flourish now and fade ere many an hour.

. . . . . .

Read in my face the ruin of my youth,
The wrack of years upon my agèd brow—
I have been fair (I must confess the truth)
And stood upon as nice respect as thou.

I lost my time and must repent it now,
But were I to begin my youth again,
I would redeem the time I spent in vain.

The words in which the King laments the death of Rosamond are instinct with tenderness and pathos.

"Sweet as a Nightingale," said George Peele of Daniel; and turn where we will in his poetry the plaintive music is recurrent. It is here, for instance, and in many another sonnet—

And you, mine eyes, the agents of my heart,
Told the dumb message of my hidden grief.
. . . . .
The star of my mishap imposed this pain.

When the sense is not essentially mournful, there is somehow melancholy in the metre—

How many thousands never heard the names
Of Sidney or of Spenser or their books.

For an instance of fine imagery I will give—

My thoughts like hounds pursue me to the death.

The lines which follow are from the commendatory verses to Florio's *Montaigne*, and refer to the multitude of worthless books. Some of us, with less right to be critical, will sympathise with the lament—

But yet although we labour with this store,
And with the press of writing seem oppressed,
And have so many books, yet want we more,
Feeling great dearth and scarceness of the best.

The engraved portrait given in Dr. Grosart's edition of Daniel's works from the quarto of 1623 is perhaps significant of the poet's tastes and fortunes. Delicate, fastidious, sensitive, gentle, with finely-

cut aquiline features, and large, penetrating eyes, the face which the engraving shows is the face of a man whose sensibility might well lead to melancholy.

It is the face, too, of a man who, if forced to take his choice between a rough-and-tumble unsheltered existence in the world at large and the artificial conventions of royal patronage, would, it is easy to believe, find less annoyance and molestation in the latter ; and though no sycophant, in an age of fulsome servility, it was presumably of his own free-will that Daniel spent much time at the Court of James and Anne of Denmark.

After scrutinising his portrait, it is also not difficult to believe that " Mr. Daniel loved to lie hid in his garden-house," and that his friendship was claimed by the wise and learned.

Judging from the same evidence, I also cease to wonder that the part of tutor was forced upon the poet of Delia. In vain he might complain in piteous accents that whilst he would have written the actions of men he was constrained to live with children ; his countenance betrayed him.

No one, I take it, from the contemplation of the counterfeit presentment of the rival with whom Daniel was " at jealousy " would have fixed upon Ben Jonson as an ideal instructor and governor of youth ; but had I, myself, been contemporary with Daniel, and desirous of choosing a tutor for the young of either sex of exceptional virtue and refinement, I most certainly, alas, should have added to his misery by forcing upon him the office of dominie.

The fact that Daniel was far better loved by his pupils than his dislike of the part of pedagogue seemed to warrant, confirms me, too, in my opinion that the portrait which has come down of him is a fair transcript of his character.

Day-Book of Bethia Hardacre

I should much like to see the great family picture (the family of Daniel's pupil Anne Clifford—afterwards Countess of Pembroke, Dorset, and Montgomery) which is referred to by Dr. Grosart as being still preserved. For into this picture "well-languaged Daniel" is himself introduced, while his *Whole Works in Verse* are painted into the background — honourably placed on bookshelves beside the works of the Master Craftsman, who, in the noontide of his fame, had hailed, with generous welcome, the "new shepherd late upsprung."

The date of Daniel's birth is given as 1563.

The following inscription is taken from a mural monument in the church at Beckington :—

"Here lies, expecting the second coming of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, the dead body of Samuel Daniell, Esq., that excellent poet and historian ; who was tutor to the Lady Anne Clifford in her youth : she that was sole daughter and heir to George Clifford, Earl of Cumberland : who in gratitude to him erected this monument in his memory, a long time after, when she was Countess Dowager of Pembroke, Dorset, and Montgomery. He died in October 1619."

XXIX

Resign or dissolve—that is the alternative sometimes forced upon a ministry,—resignation or dissolution, one or the other, and no loophole of escape.

As with political ministries so with private persons. There are sometimes cases in the lives of humble folk when the alternative is resignation or dissolution. Fate's ultimatum is plain.

There are sometimes crises in mortal lives when we must resign ourselves or die. The time for kicking against the pricks is over and gone, and we must accept the pricks or put off mortality.

Let those who fear pain take courage, however. Nature has moods of mercy, and sometimes, through the hardening course of custom and habit, the stage is reached when the pricks, long since accepted, are no longer felt.

This insensibility is often miscalled heroism, and most often by those who ignored the suffering while the suffering was still acute.

The audience, unless in a concert room, often waits to applaud till long after the curtain is rung down.

Sin would not be so terrible if the morally unfit, the utterly depraved and evil, could not bring children into the world, or even if the children brought into the world were soul-less beings, mere material flesh and blood.

But to think a soul allotted to a personality born in haunts of unmentionable vice, born of men and women whose lives are diabolical in their cruelty and wickedness, is almost as terrible as it would be to contemplate an angel's corruption.

I think of it as if the soul sent to some degraded habitation must shrink in horror from the pollution of foul, Godless surroundings. Yet children are born in the haunts of defilement and sin—born in dens of corruption, where men and women live lives of foulest infamy.

From this thought I turn to the thought of those who own the purlieus known as hotbeds of crime—owners who do nothing to set their houses in order. Surely the day of reckoning will come, and it were better for them that a millstone . . .

Sometimes when such thoughts as these oppress me it is almost as though I could hear the wailing of the souls assigned to living creatures for whom there is, humanly speaking, no hope of escape from the knowledge of the vilest evil.

The passages given below, from the last will and testament of a man said to be insane, serve to remind us that there are riches which might be the inheritance of us all.

"My right to live, being but a life estate, is not at my disposal, but, these things excepted, all else in the world I now proceed to devise and bequeath. I give to good fathers and mothers in trust for their children all good little words of praise and encouragement, all quaint, pet names and endearments, and I charge the said parents to use them generously as the needs of the children require. I leave the children for the term of their childhood the flowers, fields, blossoms, and woods, with the right to play

among them freely, warning them at the same time against thistles and thorns. I devise to the children the banks, the brooks, and the golden sands beneath the waters thereof, and the white clouds that float high over the giant trees ; and I leave to the children long, long days to be merry in, and the night and the moon and the train of the Milky Way to wonder at.

"I devise to the boys jointly all the useful idle fields, all the pleasant waters where one may swim, all the streams where one may fish, or where, when grim winter comes, one may skate, to have and to hold the same for the period of their boyhood. The meadows, with the clover-blossoms and butterflies thereof, the woods and their appurtenances, squirrels, birds, echoes, and strange noises, all the distant places which may be visited, together with the adventures there found. I give to the said boys each his own place by the fireside at night, with all the pictures that may be seen in the burning wood, to enjoy without let or hindrance and without any encumbrance or care.

"To lovers I devise their imaginary world with whatever they may need, as stars, sky, red roses by the wall, the bloom of the hawthorn, the sweet strains of music, and aught else they may desire. To young men all boisterous and inspiring sports and rivalry, and I give them disdain of weakness and undaunted confidence in their own strength. I give them power to make lasting friendships, possessing companions, and to them exclusively I give all merry songs and brave choruses.

"And to those who are no longer children or youths or lovers I leave memory, and bequeath them the volumes of the poems of Burns, Shakespeare, and other poets, if there be others, to live over their old days again without tithe.

"To the loved ones with snowy crowns I bequeath happiness, old age, the love and gratitude of their children until they fall asleep."

When are we verily and in truth? If the body is present, and the thoughts and the soul, or the thoughts and the heart, are absent, can the personality be said to be where the body is?

To be here in the flesh is not always to be here in the spirit, and many of us go about in fragments. This sundering of personality, when permanent, not only intermittent, is nostalgia in its acutest form. If nostalgia is suffered very long and felt very acutely, the spirit and body may never come together again, so nostalgia has been known to kill. But often the sundering is of brief duration and not of fundamental depth.

To outward appearances my personality is with you, Mrs. Borrington, but my mind is far away. My mind, perhaps, is with a beloved friend in a foreign country, where spices and palm-trees grow; perhaps it is haunting some moorland solitude on the other side of Tweed. Yet perhaps the beloved friend in a tropical land is not conscious of my presence, and perhaps the moorland solitude would seem untenanted did any one pass that way. Mind and thought need, seemingly, the avenue provided by the body for making themselves known. Nor is Mrs. Borrington conscious of the lapse, when it is my body only which sojourns here and makes more or less relevant answers to her questions.

"No, I have not seen Dora Parkhurst lately." (How lovely the hills must be looking this evening.) "Yes, Mrs. Montgomery was in London yesterday." (The rain last night has swollen all the burns.)

Day-Book of Bethia Hardacre

Perhaps a time will come when science will reproduce mind-pictures, plain and coloured. Then we shall have but to concentrate our thoughts, with or without an apparatus, and lo and behold the image of our thoughts will appear.

Under this dispensation, in the place of magic-lantern slides, we shall but require of the showman visual memory and the new visualising power. Science, though, must then go one step further and provide us also with the requisite machinery for switching off our visions at will.

Better to be unable to visualise than for our mind-pictures to be exhibited, like posters on hoardings, for every one who runs, or visits us, to read.

LINES WRITTEN IN LONDON

If you should cross the moor to-day—
  By the old track I mean—
And if you meet me on the way
  No ghost will you have seen.

For here it is my ghost does flit,
  While, from these shadows far,
On heathered hills with sunbeams lit
  I am where now you are.

WINDS

Winds that have blown over
  Gorse, and thyme, and clover;
    Winds that leaves have stirred.
Dream-winds? Ay, but freighted
  With balm long awaited
    Till by dreams conferred.

XXX

THE birds of my sanctuary are the birds of the old poets — birds who were saluted, mourned, and praised in the verse of the far-distant past.

To this Harmony of birds ("Armonye" was the word once) Chaucer, Lydgate, Dunbar, Skelton, Nicholas Breton, Spenser, Giles Fletcher, Barnefield, Ben Jonson, Ford, Sylvester, Drummond of Hawthornden, Southwell, Lovelace, Randolph, Herrick, and other singers contribute.

The rivers that run through this portion of my book are rich in Swans—Chaucer's "jealous Swan against his death that singeth"; Skelton's "Swan of Menander"; and many Swans sacred to Dunbar and to Spenser—into whose graves the mourning poets threw their pens as well as their elegies.

Near the Swans of Spenser are the Swans of William Browne which played on Thames, flocking together because of the love their master bore his "father" in poetry. Near by are those Swans of John Dennis that "in armies white" guarded the nymphs and fisher-boys in their flower-decked boats.

Here, too, is the Swan that sung a dirge for Astrophel—the beloved Sir Philip Sidney—telling of the mutability of all good things; and the Swan of Nicholas Breton—"the Swan for sorrow sings to see her death so nigh"; and Lovelace's "poetic Swan," which mourned the death of a Falcon. The

"downy Cygnets" of Shakespeare are likewise near; but, as no harm can come to them, the parent Swan does not for their safety keep them "prisoner underneath her wings." Juno's Swans from *As You Like It*, and Marlowe's "waggoner Swans" in the service of the same goddess, are never far distant.

Floating here, too, are the Swans of Drayton, harnessed and bedecked with the "brave tasselled flowers" of woodbine, disporting themselves with the Swans which swam in silver Trent and brought the shepherds' Sirena along with their music—

> On thy bank,
> In a rank
> Let the Swans sing her;
> And with their music
> Along let them bring her.

The Swan swims here of whom Nicholas Breton begged feathers to make into a fan for Aglaia; and present likewise are the Swans that Habington bade "courteous Thames" to summon—

> Swift in thy watery chariot, courteous Thames.
> . . . . . .
> Then summon all thy Swans.

Amongst the Swans of Spenser which glide over these rivers are the "two Swans of goodly hue" which, when the poet walked forth to ease his pain along the shores of Thames, came swiftly swimming—

> So pearly white they were
> That even the gentle stream the which them bear
> Seemed foul to them, and bade his billows spare
> To wet their silken feathers, lest they might
> Soil their fair plumes with water not so fair,
> And mar their beauty bright.

Near, too, swims the Swan of the poet who speaks of Thames as "the chiefest river of the fairest isle" —Thames who has the keeper of his heart in holding—

> For on thy waves, thy crystal billowed waves,
> My fairest fair, my silver Swan is swimming—
> Against the sun his prunèd feathers trimming.

Once I believed that I could see the Swan of Avon floating on a crystal stream, the first, by a long way, of a wonderful company of Swans—

> Sweet Swan of Avon, what a sight it were
> To see thee in our waters yet appear.

But, alas, I awoke and found I had only seen the Swan of Avon in a dream.

As it has been denied that more than one Phœnix can exist in the world at the same time, I must not presume to throw discredit upon the opinion of the older naturalists by collecting together a whole phalanx of Phœnixes.

I do not say that the solitary Phœnix which good taste allows me is by any means the most poetic of the Phœnixes known to poetry—indeed, other more exquisite specimens occur to me as I write. But as the bird is a rare one, and not known by sight to every reader who subscribes to a Book Club or Circulating Library, I have chosen for my paradise old Sylvester's clearly defined "admirable and only Phœnix," whose brilliancy the dust of ages cannot dim—

> Two sparkling eyes; upon her crown a crest
> Of starry sprigs (more splendent than the rest),
> A golden down about her dainty neck,
> Her breast deep purple and a scarlet back.
> Her wings and train of feathers (mixèd fine),
> Of orient azure and incarnadine.

To come to Nightingales, who follow the Phœnixes closely, first and foremost I offer sanctuary to the Nightingales that, in answer to the prayer of Edward the Confessor, disturbed at his nocturnal devotions, left Havering-atte-Bower for ever. I welcome their songs. The birds dispersed by the ban of Thomas à Becket, too, I make welcome.

The Nightingale of *The Court of Love*, whose hymn of praise began at midnight, is here, the Nightingales likewise which the old poet heard after lying awake and thinking that he must hear Nightingales sing. For was it not the third night of May and he had heard none yet? That Nightingale, too, is included who undertook to be the same singer's minstrel through all that month of May.

Hither has come that "little sweete Nightingale" that sang of love from a bough in the green juniper arbour below the window of the prisoned Scottish King. Whilst this bird sang, the royal captive, looking from the windows of his chamber, saw the fairest flower of ladyhood walking in a garden attended by her little sportive hound.

I cherish the Nightingale who left the laurel and set herself upon the white hand of a lady, in *The Flower and the Leaf* (that fifteenth-century bird we are said to owe to a woman). I cherish the Nightingale with a Merle, too, whose songs comforted old William Dunbar—

> Me to recomfort most it does avail
> Again for love, when love I can find none,
> To think how sang this Merle and Nightingale,
> All love is lost but upon God alone.

Near this Nightingale of Dunbar's still sings, clear and sweet, the Nightingale of Gascoigne, "O

bird of gentle blood," and the Nightingale of Nicholas Breton, "Sweet Philomel, the bird that hath the heavenly throat."

The *Phylomele* of George Gascoigne I do not include. A bird who admits that "sometimes I weep to see, Tom Tittimouse so much set by"—to say nothing of her unkind strictures regarding the Mavis and Throstle—would not conduce to the harmony of my pleasaunce.

No such reasons need exclude Sir Philip Sidney's Nightingale, one of the most beautiful. She "sings out her woes, a thorn her song-book making"—

> O Philomela fair, O take some gladness,
> That here is greater cause of plaintful sadness :
> Thine earth now springs, mine fadeth ;
> Thy thorn without, my thorn my heart invadeth.

Then I make welcome the Nightingale of Constable, that recorded "pleasing harmonies," and Richard Barnefield's Nightingale, which (like Sir Philip Sidney's) "leaned her breast uptill a thorn," and the "pleasant-noted Nightingale" of whose possession her poet boasted—"I have a pleasant-noted Nightingale"; another Nightingale of the same poet ("night-music's king") is included—

> Nights were short and days were long,
> Blossoms on the hawthorn hung ;
> Philomel (night-music's king)
> Told the coming of the spring,
> Whose sweet silver-sounding voice
> Made the little birds rejoice.

Here also are the Nightingales of the old Scotch singer—oracle birds valued by their owner for their skill in foretelling good or ill fortune in love.

The presence of John Lyly's Nightingale I can count upon as well ("Jug, jug, jug, tereu, she

cried"), and Ben Jonson's "dear good angel of the spring, the Nightingale," and Matthew Roydon's Nightingale, that added a syllable to his name for love of Sir Philip Sidney, is a bird after my own heart, as are the Nightingales, too, that Michael Drayton heard in Arden—

> Where Nightingales in Arden sit and sing
> Amongst the dainty dew-impearled flowers.

Drummond of Hawthornden's "bewailing Nightingale" is with the rest—

> And that bewailing Nightingale did borrow
> Plaints of my plaints and sorrow of my sorrow.

So are "the Pandionian birds" that the same poet tired with his groans, because absence divided him from his happiness.

In addition to these I count among my Nightingales the Nightingales of *Britannia's Pastorals*, and the bird which, as Thomas Goffe tells in his *Careless Shepherdess*, "made lasting May," and the Nightingales of Shirley's *Hyde Park*.

Among many another, the Nightingale whose "triumphing voice" was heard by Sir Henry Wotton as he sat a-fishing haunts my covers, as well as the Nightingale to which Sir Roger l'Estrange, imprisoned Royalist, likened himself—

> Have you not seen the Nightingale
> When turned a pilgrim to a cage,
> How she doth sing her wonted tale
> In that her narrow hermitage;
> Even there her chanted melody doth prove
> That all her bars are trees, her cage a grove.

(The door of that cage now stands open, as do the doors of the cages where the twenty Nightingales mentioned in *The Taming of the Shrew* were confined.)

Two beautiful Nightingales of John Milton haunt these precincts,—the Nightingale of *Il Penseroso*—

> Sweet bird that shunn'st the noise of folly,
> Most musical, most melancholy ;

and the Nightingale

> That on yon bloomy spray
> Warblest at eve, when all the woods are still.

I hope the "liquid notes that close the eyes of day" were heard by the blind poet, as he craved, before "the rude bird of hate" could foretell his doom.

A south wind must have blown through my pages, I think ; otherwise I should never have collected so many of these melodious birds in so confined a space—

> Where sleeps the north wind, where the south inspires
> Life in the Spring, and gathers into quires
> The scattered Nightingales.

The first Lark to sing in these dominions, even before "the busie Larkē, messenger of day" given to poetry by old Chaucer, is that Lark heard by musicians without the palace of King Cymbeline under Imogen's apartment in Britain long ago—

> Hark, hark ! the Lark at Heaven's gate sings.

Next to that Lark which singing at Heaven's gate was heard in Britain—England was nearer Heaven then, perhaps, than now—is that Lark, that Lark of Italy, whose note reached the loggia of Juliet's chamber, in far-away Verona, and was miscalled a Nightingale.

It was the Nightingale, and not the Lark,
That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear;
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate-tree:
Believe me, love, it was the Nightingale.

That Lark, poor Lark, when night's candles were burnt out, sang sadly out of tune, "straining harsh discords and unpleasing sharps" in sympathy with the grief of lovers forced to part. Since death has united them, she sings sweetly again.

Here sings Spenser's merry Lark—"the merry Lark her matins sings aloft"; also the Lark that wakes the morning of *Venus and Adonis*, and the Larks, merry also, of Shakespeare's spring, that serve as ploughmen's clocks—"and merry Larks are ploughmen's clocks."

Here is the Lark whose note Thomas Heywood said he would borrow (and I have no evidence to prove that he failed to carry out his intention). Ford's Lark, who called the morning up, competes with the "early Lark" from Fletcher's *Faithful Shepherdess*; while Sylvester's Lark, who sang her adieux, carols with Larks from *Britannia's Pastorals* and from many another poetical Paradise.

The Lark appointed by jocund Herrick to be his clerk has found his singing way hither, and dares to sing in chorus with the Puritan poet's songster—

Hear the Lark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull night,
From her watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled morn doth rise.

But who can count the Larks in the summer sky of poetry? They are innumerable, and soaring high as they sing, are out of sight often.

In regard to Blackbirds and Thrushes, Gascoigne

gives me both a Blackbird and a Thrush in *The Complainte of Phylomele.*

"The Throstle with his note so true," the Blackbird "with orange-tawny bill," are likewise both here. Then I can show the sixteenth-century Shepherd Tony's Throstle-cock, who generously defended mankind when Philomel warned the nymphs to beware of men—

> Fie, fie, said the Throstle-cock,
> You are much to blame!
> One man's fault all men to blot,
> Impairing their good name.

The Blackbird and Thrush, too, of the old-world *Pleasant Ditty*—

> The Blackbird with his yellow bill,
> The Thrush that hath in music pretty skill.

Drayton's "sweet Merle and warbling Mavis" sing together with Blackbirds and Thrushes from Thomas Randolph's thickets—those whose warblings were offered as an inducement to hasten Master Anthony Stafford into the country—

> The Thrush and Blackbird lend their throats,
> Warbling melodious notes.

I have made mention of Heywood's Blackbird and Thrush elsewhere, and the whereabouts of Andrew Marvell's "hatching Throstle" I keep a close secret for fear of the spoiler's hand—

> And through the hedges thick espy
> The hatching Throstle's shining eye.

Only to members of the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds will I give a clue to the whereabouts of the "hatching Throstle" in my sanctuary.

Yet another Thrush remains that I cannot exclude —the "gentle Thrush," from *A Passion of my Lord of Essex*. Thrushes are essentially gentle.

> Happy where he could finish forth his fate
> In some unhaunted desert, most obscure
> From all societies, from love and hate
> Of worldly folk; then might he sleep secure,
> Then wake again, and ever give God praise,
> Content with hips and haws and bramble-berry;
> In contemplation spending all his days,
> And change of holy thoughts to make him merry;
> Where when he dies his tomb may be a bush,
> Where harmless Robin dwells with gentle Thrush.

The Falcons hereabout are really Falcons-gentle, and would not, for the world, hurt or frighten any Dove or timid little bird.

"The gentle Falcon that with his feet distreineth the Kinge hand" is here, and that Falcon to which, for gentleness, Skelton compared Mrs. Margaret Hussey—"Merry Margaret"—

> Gentle as Falcon
> Or Hawk of the tower.

Here, too, are the "noble Falcon" and the Gerfalcon who in "their amisse of gray" (amisse—such a kerchief as priests wore) were summoned to the funeral of Philip Sparrow (the Elder). No such invitation would have been sent, we may be sure, were their presence a menace to the safety of the other birds.

Also Nicholas Breton's Falcons, who beat their wings at the sound of the elegies, sung by Swans, for Sir Philip Sidney's death—

> The Phœnix drops, and Falcons beat their wing
> To hear how Swans of death and sorrow sing.

Day-Book of Bethia Hardacre

The Falcon of Prince Florizel's, the Falcon that he blessed, as you may read for yourself in *A Winter's Tale*, is here likewise—

> I bless the time
> When my good Falcon made her flight across
> Thy father's ground.

So said Prince Florizel to Perdita.

This Falcon, truly, had a pretty taste in the ground he chose for making his flight across. The ground in question was the garden ground "rich in gillyflowers," rich in carnations, in "hot lavender," in rosemary and rue—"grace and remembrance"—and many another sweet herb and blossom. It was with reason that Florizel blessed his good Falcon for leading him thither, for by leading him thither he led him to Perdita's feet.

With the Falcon of Florizel is the Falcon of Richard Lovelace—"the fair princess of the spacious air"—she who wore silver fetters on her happy feet, and was carried on a wrist "the gods have kneeled in vain t' have kissed."

I do not pretend to accommodate Eagles with eyries. The proximity of "Jove's bird, the Roman Eagle," would cloud the sky for every Lark and Thrush. Even the Eagle that Lydgate presented to the King and Queen on the day of their marriage is absent. But on the grave of an Eagle, for the sake of the pathos of his death, I lay a tribute of flowers—

> That Eagle's fate and mine is one
> Which, on the shaft that made him die,
> Espied a feather of his own
> Wherewith he wont to soar so high.

I make no apology for the introduction of Owls

immediately after the mention of Falcon: it would be brutal to place these birds of night elsewhere.

Not the most ignorant among us can, I take it, be unaware of the natural love of the Falcon and the Owl; was it not known already in the days of Pliny? Falcons love Owls, and Owls, when attacked by their bird enemies, gladly take advantage of this partiality and seek the protection of their patrons.

To give the Owls a comfortable feeling of security, therefore, I keep them within easy reach of the Falcons.

Here is the Owl from *The Court of Love*, who took his part in the service of the worship of Nature. Here, too, are the Owls of *A Midsummer's Night's Dream*, at whose cry Ariel—not really frightened, I am sure—couched in a cowslip bell. The Owl that "when icicles hang by the wall" sings "Tuwhit! tuwhoo!" is here, I need not say. Thus in summer and in winter I am handsomely provided with Owls.

Here likewise is the

> Sweet Suffolk Owl so trimly dight
> With feathers like a lady bright.

Cartwright's anchorite Owls that "sadly sing from yon hollow tree" keep a little apart. They are not anchorite Owls for nothing, and draw their feathers away if the less exclusive Owls fly near.

Not so much of a recluse is Drayton's "honest Owl," to whose rescue, when cruelly set upon by other birds, came that Falcon "who loved the Owl, and held him only dear." The Owls of Ben Jonson's *Masque of Owls* are a host in themselves. "I found them in the ivy," says the ghost—a very likely place for the Owls to be.

I do not include Drummond of Hawthornden's

Owls in my sanctuary, "and Owls on cabin roof foretell our wrack," for they are birds of ill-omen, and might affright the superstitious among my visitors. But it seems to me that as both Ben Jonson and Drummond of Hawthornden loved birds—particularly Nightingales—and took Owls into their poetic service, Drummond was perhaps in accord with his uncongenial guest, at least on ornithological subjects. If for territorial reasons host and guest might not enjoy together the singing of Nightingales, the hooting of Hawthornden's Owls must have surely conduced to their mutual pleasure.

I have not, I confess, many Goldfinches in my antique preserves, but they would be scarcely more numerous, I think, in modern poetic coppices.

I may count the Goldfinch of *The Flower and the Leaf*, which flew from a medlar-tree, and, as did the Nightingale, alighted on the hand of a lady (clad in green), so adding a radiant flash of red and of gold plumage to the colours of the picture; and a Goldfinch from *The Romaunt of the Rose* is to be seen here also. Old George Gascoigne supplies Goldfinches in his *Complainte of Phylomele*—"and Goldfinches do hope to get the goal," as well they might, for they are beautiful birds; and, furthermore, I have the Goldfinch summoned to sing "dolorous songs funeral" for Philip Sparrow (he who in life wore a velvet cap and was idolised by his mistress). A Goldfinch of Sylvester's flits through these covers sometimes; and Goldfinches of Drayton —"the gaudy Goldfinch and his courtly mate."

Now I come to think of it, my Bullfinches are very few in number. Drayton, Ben Jonson, and one or two further-away poets alone, as far as I remember

at present, afford me these engaging, somewhat exotic-looking birds. Not that I pretend to enumerate all the "birds melodious and birds fair" to whom I offer sanctuary. Of some races of greatly valued feathered things I have not mentioned a single specimen. But do not let any one suppose that Chaffinches and Linnets, for instance, are absent because I have not named them.

XXXI

THE Doves "white and fair," ranged once on the temple beside that door where sat Dame Peace and Dame Patience, coo in my sanctuary; also "the wedded Turtle with his hearte true," and the Earl of Surrey's Turtle who "to her mate hath told her tale" —the tale of spring—"Wherein each thing renews, save only the lover." That snowy Dove, too, which trooped with Crows and Venus' Doves in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, by whose simplicity Hermia swore to keep her tryst with Lysander; and the Doves of Paphos as well. Then the Doves are here that Cupid staked and lost, in addition to his team of Sparrows, when he played at cards with Campaspe for kisses; and the silver Doves of Henry Constable chosen to draw Venus.

The Turtle-dove, too, of Robert Chester, loved by and loving the Phœnix, coos in my covers (this Turtle-dove's praises were sung by many a poet), and Drummond of Hawthornden's Doves—

> Cytherea's Doves, that milk-white pair,
> On yonder leafy myrtle-tree.

Here, too, is the Dove that a poetic shepherd vowed that he loved "more than mortal tongue can say." From the same Dove-fancier I have "fine ruff-footed Doves," and "pretty Pigeons of another kind."

Cartwright's mournful Turtle, joining with loving Redbreasts to sing dirges over Philip Sparrow's stone and Ford's "Turtles in their down," from *The Lover's Melancholy*, consort with Drummond of Hawthornden's widowed Turtle.

> The Stock-doves, whose fair necks are graced
> With nuptial rings, their emblems chast',

abide in these groves likewise. If you will but be quiet and listen, you may hear soft, plaintive cooing at any time.

The next Dove that I mention comes from the sixteenth century. We owe her, I believe, to the piety of John Wight—

> Then said the Dove,
> "Scripture doth prove
> That from the Deity
> The Holy Spirit
> On Christ did light
> In likeness of me."

But the most beautiful Dove of all my Doves I have left to the very last, and have brought from the farthest place. Indeed, the farther we go back in English poetry the more beautiful and the more lovingly and faithfully represented are the feathered things.

This Dove that I mention last is a Dove from Lydgate's *Devotions of the Fowls*—

> The Dove also that is so white,
> In heart both meek and beauteous,
> Unto the earth she took her flight,
> And sang a song full gracious,
> Of all songs most virtuous;
> And as I perceived she sung thus:
> *Veni Creator Spiritus.*

The birds of calms, the Halcyons, must be

mentioned next as honoured guests, for did not they "sit brooding on the charmèd wave" on that night that ushered in the first Christmas Day?

For Swallows and Martins I have, among others, the Swallow that dares not come before the daffodils and the "temple-haunting Martlet," as well as many more. But these birds fly so swiftly that, the light not being too good, it is difficult to distinguish which is which; and I should be loath to point out a Swallow as, let us say, Sylvester's, when really the bird was Skelton's own—

> Hark how the jolly Cuckoos sing,
> Cuckoo to welcome in the Spring!

The call of John Lyly's Cuckoos may be heard in my pages (the Cuckoo's note is very penetrating), but the birds themselves are not admitted into this Paradise. I do not like their "ways."

With John Lyly's Cuckoos you will possibly also hear the cuckoo notes from Thomas Nash's *Spring* if the wind blows from the right quarter. Also among others the echo of an earlier century's cuckoo song may reach you—

> Sing loud, Cuckoo!

The tame Sparrows here include the bird commemorated by Gascoigne in *The Praise of Philip Sparrow*—

> Of all the birds that I do know,
> Philip, my Sparrow, has no peer.

In addition to Drayton's Sparrows

> white as snow,
> Whose pretty eyes like sparks do show,

I boast of a white Sparrow from the *Arcadia* of Sir Philip Sidney. This Sparrow, as did the Sparrow of

Cartwright, wore a black silk cap "for foil of his milk-white to serve."

Lesbia's Sparrow, commemorated by Catullus, was the first of many generations of those loved and lost pet-birds. Through Ovid, Juvenal, and Martial the theme was played with or referred to by many ancient and modern writers of Latin verse before Skelton wrote his *Philip Sparrow*. (This was previous to 1509, for in 1508 the poem is mentioned by the author of *The Ship of Fools*.) Drummond of Hawthornden, in his lines to *Phyllis on the Death of her Sparrow*, and Herrick *Upon the Death of his Sparrow: an Elegy*, both descanted upon the favourite subject: Herrick mourning with evident enjoyment and great poetic vitality.

I owe a Titmouse to Spenser, "that silent Bee, who sits before the Nightingale"—

> The Nightingale is sovereign of song.
> Before him sits the Titmouse—silent Bee.

A Titmouse from Skelton flits hither and thither with the Tom Tittimouse of Gascoigne. (This Titmouse's quarrels I make my own, and the one Nightingale I voluntarily exclude is she who wept to see him "so much set by.")

"The pretty Wren, that is Our Lady's hen," is seen in these coverts; also the Wren from *The Harmony*, or *Armonye, of Birds*—"I am the hen of Our Lady most comely."

The Wren from Nicholas Breton's *Daffodils and Cowslips* is to be found in addition to other birds from the old-world pleasaunce of that engaging writer—

The little Wren, that never sung a note,
Is peeping now to prove how she can sing;
The Nightingale has set in tune her throat,
And all the woods with little Robins ring.

I admit one Popinjay or Parrot on account of his great age, drollery, and gorgeous plumage. He is known to poetry as *Speak Parrot.*

My name is Parrot, a Bird of Paradise,
By nature devisèd of a wonderous kind;
Daintily dieted with divers delicate spice,
Till Euphrates, that flood, driveth me into Ind,
Where men of that country, by fortune, me find,
And send me to great ladies of estate;
Then Parrot must have an almond or a date.

This Bird of Paradise, whose name was Parrot, who praises himself as a Popinjay Royal, is a bird of gorgeous plumage, with "feathers fresh as is the emerald green," and a circlet "like the rich ruby" about his neck. "I am a minion to wait upon a queen!" he announces. "Hagh, ha, ha, Parrot, you can laugh prettily!"

I have not made mention of many Robin Red-breasts in this report of my Birds, because the Robin Red-breasts have a chapter to themselves; and, furthermore, my friends will take it for granted that all the Robins therein mentioned are here included, as well as many another songster which no lady's sanctuary should be without.

Among miscellaneous birds I include those that sang in the marriage song, *The Thistle and the Rose*, composed for the nuptials of Princess Margaret of England, daughter of King Henry VII.—child of the white rose and the red.

The Merle she sang, "Hail Rose of most delight;
Hail of all flowers queen and sovereign!"
The Lark she sang, "Hail Rose of all delight,
Most pleasant flower, of mighty colours twain."
Then all the birdës sang.

Feathered things throng here, too, from the precincts of King Henry VIII.'s jesting Laureate, —Water Wagtail, Seamew, Titmouse;

The Throstle with her warbling,
The Starling with her babbling;

the Rook, the Osprey, "the dainty Curlew," and "the Turtle most true."

The obsequies of another bird—the Philip Sparrow of Cartwright, loved, as was old Skelton's, by a lady—have brought together many a winged songster—

Now this faithful bird is gone,
Oh let mournful Turtles join
With loving Red-breast and combine
To sing dirges o'er his stone.

Among my merriest birds are the birds besought by Thomas Heywood to give his love good-morrow—

Blackbird and Thrush in every bush,
Stare, Linnet, and Cock-sparrow,
You pretty elves, amongst yourselves
Sing my fair love good-morrow.

The birds are here, too, that saw Phyllis sweetly walking "within her garden alleys."

Carolling gaily, likewise, are the "morn-waking birds" of the Phyllis of another poet, she who—we have Thomas Lodge's word for it—had "morn-waking birds her risings still to honour."

To serve a like purpose, but less effectual in their

endeavour, are the birds who had their matins said and sung their thankful hymns, while Corinna—sweet slug-a-bed—was not yet out of bed that May morning when it was sin, nay, profanation, to keep in. Perhaps these birds sang in a lower key than the birds whose notes saluted Phyllis; or perhaps Herrick's Corinna was a sounder sleeper than the Phyllis of Thomas Lodge.

Flocking with these jocund birds are the birds who made music while Giles Fletcher's disdainful love—she whose fan was composed of feathers from Cupid's wing—lay sleeping.

Of sadder and even sweeter notes than other songsters are the birds who were remembered still when their quires were bare and ruined—

> That time of year thou may'st in me behold
> When yellow leaves or none or few do hang
> Upon those boughs which shake against the cold;
> Bare, ruined quires where late the sweet birds sang.

Not far away are the birds of Giles Fletcher the Younger—I mean the birds that when angels descended to earth from Heaven tuned their dulcet notes to the melody of the celestial voices.

Keeping close company with these singers of sacred songs—birds whose voices mingled with the songs of the angelic hosts—are the birds of old Dunbar, which "full angel-like" also once sang "their hours" (their orisons). The birds of the martyr Southwell ("the saddest birds a season find to sing") warble here, and often with them—for birds are no bigots—are the birds of the single-hearted, unworldly George Wither, dear friend of the poet of *Britannia's Pastorals*. When lying fettered in the Marshalsea Prison as punishment for his outspoken

denunciation of abuses, hearing the rattle of gyves and bolts, the thoughts of George Wither turned in loving memory to the birds whose melodious strains he had heard in the days of freedom; and near these birds is the bird, now free and unconfined, who pleaded for his liberty with such convincing pathos in Lydgate's beautiful poem *The Chorle and the Bird.*

It was, tradition or some better authority tells, owing to the intercession of Princess Elizabeth, afterwards Queen of Bohemia, always Queen of Hearts, that Wither owed his release from prison.

Birds who also happily consort with the birds of Giles Fletcher the Younger are the birds which served the saintly George Herbert for an emblem of the spiritual life—

> But as birds drink and straight lift up their heads,
> So must he sip and think
> Of better drink
> He may attain to, after he is dead.

With the birds of George Herbert is that "fledged bird" of Henry Vaughan at the sight of whose nest we know the bird be flown.

"Ubi aves ibi angeli" (where there are birds there are angels).

> How oft do they their silver bowers leave
> To come to succour us that succour want!
> How oft do they with golden pinions cleave
> The flitting skies, like flying Pursuivant
> Against foul fiends to aid us militant.
> They for us fight, they watch and duly ward,
> And their bright squadrons round about us plant,
> And all for love and nothing for reward.
> O why should heavenly God to man have such regard?
>
> A Seraph winged; six wings he wore to shade
> His lineaments divine; the pair that clad

Day-Book of Bethia Hardacre

Each shoulder broad came mantling o'er his breast
With regal ornament; the middle pair
Girt like a starry zone his waist, and round
Skirted his loins and thighs with downy gold
And colours dipped in Heaven; the third his feet
Shadowed from either heel with feathered mail,
Sky-tinctured grain. Like Maia's son he stood,
And shook his plumes, that heavenly fragrance filled
The circuit wide.

XXXII

To begin is awe-inspiring. (The affairs which drive me to this conclusion I keep to myself.)

Till we have begun, we do not feel bound down by the obligation to finish—unless we are Irish of the Irish. But, once the beginning is made, the end is apt to haunt conscientious persons.

It may be counted as a misfortune to have known the saying "the end crowns the work." The people of the East—the Japanese—are right: there is no end, and in token of this their handiwork is left, we are told, showing an acknowledged "loose end." Indeed, if work is to wait till the actual end for crowning it must go, for all time, without the crown.

In Art the so-called finishing process, more oftener than not, takes away far more than it gives. The personality of the artist seems to evaporate in the final strokes, as if to teach us that we lose in spirit when we gain in substance.

In regard to our deeds, our courses of conduct, we know of no final conclusions, and this mutability is a sign of life, not of death. The deeds and thoughts of to-day are the flowers—poison flowers or fragrant flowers—of the deeds and thoughts of the yesterdays; and the harvests of the future will be the aftermaths of the harvests of the present and of the past.

Nor is this so only in regard to flesh and blood.

The very objects which at this moment my room contains tell the same story of remote origin and no visible end.

The goods and chattels of use or of vertu, even in their present form, in most cases, did not begin with me and will not end with me; and where the form and line are temporary, matter is still indestructible and

It is to prove myself in harmony with this law of nature that I leave the paragraph above undisguisedly unfinished.

Not only "the jest's prosperity lies in the ear of him that hears it," but the prosperity of all that is said surely lies with the hearer likewise?

The mind of the hearer must go out to meet the word more than half-way; and the mind of the hearer gives colour and form and life itself to the word, shaping it into significance after its own fashion, and interpreting it according to its own consciousness or experience.

There are people to whom it is impossible to speak the truth. Truth is perverted in its passage and wasted; or balked and thrown back, robbed of all sense and significance. For the sense and significance of the truth lies in the ear that hears it, as much as in the lips that speak it.

Love, honour, happiness, misery, take different shapes for every one of us. For you and for me love, honour, happiness, misery signify dissimilar states. And this holds good with localities as well as with conditions. Your London is not my London; your Arcadia is not my Arcadia. Our minds each conjure up a different place, constructed of memories, impressions, predilections, prejudices, which are individual to the mind that knows them

Day-Book of Bethia Hardacre

As it is with locality so is it with time and season.

This year of grace, nineteen hundred and seven, signifies to no two of us the same period. We speak of last summer or of last spring, and refer to a unique experience.

XXXIII

A FRIEND has sent me a photograph of *The Vision of S. Ursula*—S. Ursula our English saint.

In *The Vision of S. Ursula* a winged angel stands at the foot of the bed on which the saint lies, a look of peace and of heavenly serenity transfiguring her beautiful face.

The bed is a bed of Italy, with high canopy supported by slender pillars; and the picture must be a beautiful picture—beautiful both in conception and in execution.

Last night in my English bed I dreamt a dream, vivid as a vision; but I did not see an angel in my dream—perhaps the angels only enter into the dreams of the saints.

I saw, in the old familiar mortal guise, one who has passed from the confines of this life; and the dream in its vividness robbed me of hard-earned composure.

Of what stuff are dreams made, thus to enable a dream to awaken emotions which in waking hours we hold in check?

We may control our thoughts by day so as to perform, more or less successfully, the duties of life; and then out of the unknown floats into our being the experience we term a dream, and the stifled fire of longing flames high again, taking as fuel all that comes in its way.

In the vision of S. Ursula the crown of martyrdom

was promised to the saint; and as she was a saint, that promise nerved her footsteps.

Tell me the thought which steels your courage, and I will tell you what you are.

OUT OF THE PORTUGUESE

Will you not strive to come to me?
  I am alone and far;
Your hand, perchance, the link might be
  'Twixt me and where souls are.
Your voice, perchance, my heart might bring
From distant, lonely wandering.

Far, far away my soul has strayed,
  On-driven by distress;
And now to-night I am afraid
  In the vast loneliness.
Will you not strive to bring me back,
Friend, by the lost, the homeward track?

XXXIV

WHEN searching this morning for reference to "S. Ursula" in my copy of *The Catholic Annual*, I broke away to read other pages of the book.

The Catholic Annual gives the *Circle of the Hours*, telling the hours which are not canonical, and others which may be considered canonical, being "formerly devoted by certain Religious Orders to regular or canonical offices of the church."

"We may observe," says the editor of the volume, "that in most church steeples, where there are chimes played by clock-work, there are the usual hours at which they play—which is a remnant of the ages we allude to."

The hour at which I am writing—10 o'clock A.M. —is not canonical, but still there is an observance connected with it.

I read in *The Catholic Annual* that in other days the Religious Orders used, after they had finished *Tierce* and *Mass*, to retire from the divine Office till *Sext*, which took place at mid-day. Ten o'clock was, therefore, often the time of going to study or to work in the garden : one or other of these occupations being obligatory according to the Rule of S. Benedict.

"The Rule of S. Benedict," the editor goes on to say, "prescribing manual as well as mental labour, was a very salutary one, and contributed, no doubt, together with their strict abstinence, to the great

health and longevity of the members of their Order. From the hour under consideration, ten o'clock, till mid-day, the labour of the field and the cultivation of the monastery garden usually took place, though those who preferred it retired to study."

Illustrations of the axiom that *gardening furnishes an abundant source of holy aspiration* are given in *The Catholic Annual*, and include the illustration afforded by the garden of Eden and the garden of Gethsemane.

So you, my friends, who go out to cultivate your garden, and you, who at ten o'clock retire to your study, are acting—unbeknown, perhaps, to yourselves — according to the Rule of S. Benedict: S. Benedict, born in Umbria of noble parents, and so little in accord with the evil he saw in the world that he retired into the solitude of the mountains and "practised there an hermetical life."

According to the Rule of S. Benedict is according to a very noble Rule, for foremost in the conversion to Christianity of the countries of Northern Europe (Britain, Gaul, Belgium, Saxony), foremost in the history of civilisation, in the history of learning, in the cultivation of the soil of waste lands, are to be ranked the monks of the Benedictine Order.

As missionaries, who in the days of serfdom and barbarity preached the gospel of Christ to the oppressor and the oppressed; as "the sole depositaries of learning and the arts through several centuries of ignorance; as the collectors and transcribers of books, when a copy of the Bible was worth a king's ransom," the Benedictines have imposed a heavy debt on modern Europe.

Before the invention of printing, when books were priceless and unique, "every Benedictine

Abbey," says the author of *Legends of the Monastic Orders*, from whom I have quoted on the previous page, "had its scriptorium or writing-chamber where silent monks were employed from day to day, from month to month, in making transcripts of valuable works, particularly of the Scriptures."

Nor are we only indebted to the Benedictines for the promulgation of Holy Writ. To them learning and scholarship owe yet another gift. Benedictines preserved classical writings of the greatest possible value, among which we may include "the whole or the greater portion of the works of Pliny, Sallust, and Cicero." Furthermore, Benedictines were "the fathers of Gothic architecture; they were the earliest illuminators and limners; and to crown their deservings under this head the inventor of the gamut and the first who instituted a school of music was a Benedictine monk, Guido d'Arezzo."

And more than this, to the Benedictines, "les défricheurs de l'Europe," as agriculturists, must the world be for ever in debt. "Wherever they carried the cross they carried also the plough, and converted waste lands to blossoming gardens and fertile farms."

Thus, apart from the first great gift to humanity of the development and purifying of the spiritual life, all who love the arts; all who love letters; all who love music; all who love ordered gardens, flowers, and trees, owe, in some measure, what they love to the Rule of S. Benedict—the Rule which comprised "bodily and mental exercises, temperance, and devotion."

Remember this, good people, when you go into your garden, or retire to your study at ten o'clock.

Since writing the paragraph above, I have read a

volume recently published—a reprint of *The Rule of S. Benedict: Regula Sanctissimi Patris Nostri Benedicti.*

The fourth chapter of the book is headed *What are the Instruments of Good Works?* and I will quote as follows from the answer to the question—

In the first place to love the Lord God with all one's heart, all one's soul, all one's strength.
Then one's neighbour as oneself.
Not to do to another what one would not have done to oneself.
To relieve the poor.
To clothe the naked.
To visit the sick.
To help in affliction.
To console the sorrowing.
To keep aloof from worldly actions.
To prefer nothing to the love of Christ.
Not to give way to anger.
Not to harbour a desire of revenge.
Not to make a feigned peace.
Not to forsake charity.
To utter truth from heart and mouth.
Not to render evil for evil.
To love one's enemies.
To bear persecution for justice' sake.
To make peace with an adversary before the setting of the sun.
And lastly,
Never to despair of the mercy of God.

These "Instruments" of S. Benedict meet the needs of the mortals who live to-day, as they met the needs of those who lived in that century, eleven hundred years ago, when the Code was given from Monte Cassino.

As an instance of the great temporal power of the Order, and the worldly state by means of which the Benedictines, corrupted by luxury, fell, the writer of *A Short History of Monastic Orders*, published in 1693,

tells of an abbot of S. Gall who entered Strasburg on a public occasion with a retinue of 10,000 horse.

"When a nun in a black habit is introduced into pictures of S. Benedict," says the author of *Legends of the Monastic Orders*, "or stands alone with a lily in her hand, and a Dove at her feet or pressed to her bosom, it represents S. Scholastica."

It is told that when S. Scholastica died after the last meeting with S. Benedict—which meeting had been protracted in answer to her prayer—her prayer for the blessing of his presence; he standing in his cell in the monastery of Monte Cassino, wrapt in prayer, saw the released soul of his sister ascending to Heaven in the form of a white Dove.

The attributes of S. Benedict are given as follows. The Asperge or Rod for sprinkling holy water—emblematical of the purity by which the saint conquered. The thorn-bush—the means by which he conquered. The mitre or pastoral staff—to express that the saint was Abbot of Monte Cassino. The Raven, sometimes with a loaf of bread in its beak—a tame Raven, domesticated in the convent, carried away beyond human reach, the legend tells, a loaf of poisoned bread sent to S. Benedict. A pitcher or a broken glass, or cup containing wine—in allusion to an attempt to poison the saint by means of poisoned wine. A broken sieve—in illustration of the miracle that relates the repairing of such a utensil by S. Benedict when Cyrilla—the nurse who followed him to Rome—broke a sieve in the preparation of food for her charge while he was at prayer, and, being without any means of replacing it, fell into great distress.

XXXV

THE most beautiful tradition regarding the introduction of Christianity in our Island is the tradition which leads us back through the centuries to the early days of the faith.

"When Philip, one of the Apostles, came to France, he sent Joseph of Arimathea with Joseph his son and eleven more of the disciples hither, who, with great zeal and undaunted courage, preached the true and lively Gospel of Christ. Then the King Arviragus, considering the perils of their dangerous journey from the Holy Land, their saintly and innocent lives, gave them a certain Island in the West called Avalon, and there they built a church of wreathen wands."

In the aisle of Glastonbury Abbey, the chronicler tells, S. Joseph stuck his dry hawthorn staff into the ground, and it thenceforth grew, and has ever afterwards blossomed on the Feast of the Nativity, showing wreaths of mystic white flowers when all other boughs and branches are bare.

During the great Rebellion "the soldiers being over-zealous did cut it, the Glastonbury-thorn, down in pure devotion," tells Taylor, the Water Poet (1649); quoted by Brand, "but a vintner dwelling in the town did save a great slip or branch of it, and placed or set it in his garden; and he, with others, did tell me that the same doth likewise bloom on the 25th day of December yearly. I saw the

said branch, and it was ten foot high, green and flourishing."

I take the following account of Avalon — the Island of the Blest—and Glastonbury Abbey from Dugdale's *Monasticon Anglicanum.*

The name of the island was known as Glassy Island from the colour of the stream which surrounded it. Afterwards it obtained the name of Avalon. "Here S. Joseph, who is considered by the Monkish historians as the first Abbot, erected to the honour of the Virgin Mary, of wreathed twigs, the first Christian Oratory in England." About a century after, the Oratory was rebuilt by two legates of the Pope, S. Phaganus and S. Diruvianus, who added "another of stone, which they dedicated to the honour of our Lord and his Apostles S. Peter and S. Paul." A third Oratory was also built to S. Michael, the Archangel, "That he might have there honour on earth of men; who at the command of God should bring men to eternal honours in Heaven." S. Patrick and S. David were among the saints who retired to Avalon, and chapels were rebuilt and added to the Church.

About the year 542 King Arthur, "who was nephew to S. David, having been mortally wounded in the rebellion of his cousin Mordred at the battle of Camlam, was carried to this Abbey, that he might prepare himself more perfectly for his departure out of life . . . and might be buried among such a world of saints as reposed there from the beginning of Christianity." And at Glastonbury King Arthur was buried; suffering, it was supposed, only temporarily death—

> But for he skaped yt batell yᵉwys,
> Bretons and Cornysch seyeth thus,

That he levyth yet perde
And schall come and be a kyng aye.
At Glastyngbury on the queer,
They made Arter's tombe ther,
And wrote with Latyn vers thus
Hic jacet Arthurus, rex quondam, rexque futurus.

So be it.

The last Abbot, Richard Whiting, having refused to surrender his Abbey to the king, was shamefully done to death in 1539, permission to take leave of his Monastery even being refused him. After his execution his head was set upon the Abbey gate. The Abbey was seized, and the buildings and revenues of the great House became the objects of ruthless depredation.

Dugdale gives the dimensions within the walls of the foundation plot of ground on which the Monastery and its offices were erected as no less than sixty acres. The Church, including the Chapel of S. Joseph of Arimathea, was 530 feet in length and contained five chapels. "The floors were inlaid with Norman tile inscribed with Scripture sentences and the names of kings and benefactors."

The inventory, taken about the time of the Reformation, affords, Dugdale states, some idea of the whole of "this stupendous Abbey" before its overthrow and complete ruin; and he goes on to lament (as who would not?) that of "the Library, and the Scriptorium adjoining it where the monks were constantly employed in composing or transcribing books for the use of the Library, not a vestige remains." This was the library of which it is told of the antiquary Leland that "he had scarcely passed the threshold when the very sight of so many sacred remains of antiquity struck him with an awe

or astonishment that for a moment he hesitated." Leland spent some days, by permission of Abbot Whiting, in examining the library.

We may echo Michael Drayton's lines on the overthrow of the Monastery and vast possessions, "temporalties" and "spiritualties," that pertained to it—

> When not great Arthur's tomb, nor holy Joseph's grave
> From sacrilege had power their sacred bones to save;
> He who, that God in man, to his sepulchre brought,
> Or he which for the faith twelve famous battles fought.
> What? did so many kings do honour to that place
> For avarice at last so vilely to deface.

Now, after all these centuries, Glastonbury Abbey is to be bought back for the church; and I trust that the soul of Abbot Whiting knows of the restitution. The object of "The Glastonbury Abbey fund" should appeal to all to whom sacrilege and pillage are abhorrent.

Lavish indeed was the expenditure of time, labour, and material with which books were written, illuminated, and bound in the days of monastic rule, before the invention of printing. Perhaps we should say before the rediscovery of printing, as stamps were used by the ancients with inscriptions traced the wrong way from which they obtained impressions; and there are evidences of Chinese knowledge of the craft at a period when it was unknown in Europe.

It is curious to think that during times of barbarity and savage misrule the scribe and the miniature-painter continued to produce manuscripts of incomparable beauty and skill; while the art of the goldsmith, lapidary, and clasp-maker provided bindings of encrusted enamels enriched with precious stones of the most sumptuous description.

"In the Abbeys and Convents," says Lacroix, pointing out the superiority of the illuminations of the sacred books to those in the profane chronicles and romances, "there were lay brethren who sometimes had taken no vow ; but whose fervent spirits, burning with poetical imaginations, sought in the monastic retreat redemption from their past sins. These men of faith were happy to consecrate their whole existence to the ornamentation of a single sacred book destined for the community which gave them in exchange all the necessaries of life."

Instances of splendid manuscripts produced during barbarous times are also given in Maitland's *Dark Ages*, where we read of an Abbot of Fontenelle (823) who ordered the gospel to be written with gold on purple vellum in the Roman letters (the tinting of vellum purple and other colours was a method copied from antiquity). It is recorded that the Abbot lived to see the gospels of S. Matthew, S. Luke, and S. John completed. An Archbishop of Rheims in 845 "caused a gospel to be written for his Church in letters of gold and silver and bound in gold adorned with gems," and as an offering to Pope Benedict III., a gospel was presented "of most pure gold with divers precious stones." It is also recorded that Leo III. gave a copy of the gospels so richly ornamented with gold and precious stones that it weighed seventeen pounds four ounces.

In a passage relating to the value set on illuminated volumes in the past the author quoted above gives the instance of an Elector of Bavaria, Duke Maximilian, who offered a town and its dependencies in exchange for a single copy of a rare and rich manuscript. But the good monks, to whose Abbey the manuscript had been presented by the Emperor Henry IV., "persuadez que ce Duc

les leur reprendroit ensuite, quand il voudroit, trouverent convenable de refuser un si bel offre," wrote a visitor to the Abbey in question who saw the treasure still preserved there in 1717.

More desirable perhaps than volumes renowned for their weight of gold and splendid jewels are the missals and *Livres d'Heures* embellished with miniatures and border paintings of the rarest and most delicate beauty; such for instance as those for which is famous the manuscript *Book of Prayers* known by the title of *Les Heures d'Anne de Bretagne.*

XXXVI

Call for the Robin Red-breast and the Wren.

So opens the wonderful funeral dirge of Webster, the dirge for Marcello, slain by his brother and mourned by his mother: she who "was grown a very old woman in two hours": in the two hours which saw her younger son murdered and wrapped in his winding sheet.

This is the dirge from *The White Devil* of which Lamb said, "I never saw anything like this dirge except the ditty which reminds Ferdinand of his drowned father in *The Tempest.* As that is of the water, watery, so this is of the earth, earthy. Both have that intenseness of feeling which seems to resolve itself into the elements which it contemplates."

Passages of rare beauty have been written of the Robin Red-breast, and the bird has figured in poetry as exquisite as any that English literature contains.

Shakespeare assigned to the Robin the task of winter-grounding [protecting from winter-weather] Fidele's corse when laid, with "head to the east," in the faëry-haunted tomb decked with primroses, bluebells, and sweet-brier.

"Fear no more the heat of the sun" was the dirge, and—

> . . . The Ruddock would
> With charitable bill (O bill sore-shaming
> Those rich-left heirs that let their fathers lie

Without a monument !) bring thee all this ;
Yes, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are none,
To winter-ground thy corse. . . .

It is almost as though the poets called for the Robin Red-breast in moments of most touching and poignant expression—as if the Robin were one of the properties—like Ophelia's rosemary and pansies, and the violets that withered when her father died—which are used in scenes of tragic force to heighten, not break, by tender sweetness, the strain of highly-wrote emotion.

The Robin Red-breast and the Nightingale
Never live long in cages.

These lines are from Webster's great tragedy, *The Duchess of Malfy*. In that scene of horror when the Duchess, imprisoned and in torment, kept awake by the uproar of madmen, to be at last strangled by common executioners, asks of her maid, "This is a prison ?" and, getting answer, "Yes, but thou shalt live, to shake this durance off," makes reply :

Thou art a fool ;
The Robin Red-breast and the Nightingale
Never live long in cages.

Nothing in Shakespeare can surpass the convincing horror which culminates in the death of the Duchess. When the coffin, cords, and bell are produced, and the dirge for her death is sung, she after this wise bids her waiting-woman farewell—

Farewell, Carola.
I pray thee look thou giv'st my little boy
Some syrup for his cold ; and let the girl
Say her prayers ere she sleep. . . .

Chapman, too, brings into tragedy the bird

> . . . that loves humans best,
> That hath the bugle eyes and rosy breast
> And is the yellow Autumn's Nightingale.

When the air was aflame with meteors, riven with lightning, and shaken with thunder—

> And then did all the horrid wood appear
> Where mortal dangers more than leaves did grow
> In which we could not one free step bestow
> For treading on some murdered passenger,
> Who thither was by witchcraft forced to err :
> Whose face the bird hid that loves humans best,
> That hath the bugle eyes and rosy breast,
> And is the yellow Autumn's Nightingale.

I know not at what exact date the Robin Red-breast was first introduced into English poetry as performing this service to the dead ; but it was early in the history of poetic literature. (Addison sees in the Turtles to which Horace refers as having covered him with leaves when, as a lost child, he fell asleep in a wood, a similar poetic ornament to the Robin Red-breast of the English ballad.)

When old John Skelton wrote his lamentation for Philip Sparrow, he cast the Robin Red-breast for the part of Priest in the Order for the burial of the dead—

> And Robin Red-breast
> He shall be priest
> The Requiem Mass to sing
> Softly warbling.

The Robin's habit of frequenting churches in hard weather was noticed in *The Harmony of Birds* as follows :—

> Then the Red-brest
> His tunes redrest,
> And said now will I hold

With the church, for there
Out of the air,
I keep me from the cold.

It was his character for service after death that won for the Robin Red-breast the praise of the old poets. To them "the bird that man loves best" of the Victorian writers was the bird that loves men best—loves the dead as well as the living—with the love of no other bird; thus teaching charity—

Covering with moss the dead's unclosèd eye
The little Red-breast teacheth charity.

Thus the Robin was the bird for Drayton that taught men charity; he was the "loving bird" of William Browne; the bird that shamed "those rich-left heirs" of Shakespeare; "the Robin that's so kind to men" of the Lord Westmorland, who was Milton's contemporary; "the charitable Robin" of Izaak Walton; and the bird whom Herrick, whose folk-lore was always correct, asked to add to past favours by a final act of kindness—

TO ROBIN RED-BREAST

Laid out for dead, let thy last kindness be
With leaves and mosswork for to cover me;
And while the wood-nymphs my cold corpse inter;
Sing thou my dirge, sweet warbling chorister,
For epitaph, in foliage, next write this,
Here, here the tomb of Robin Herrick is.

Herrick, in less elegiacal mood, sings of a Robin Red-breast who prematurely brought the usual material for covering the dead, and rejoiced—as all good Samaritans could not be counted upon to do—when he found that his good offices were not needed—

Sweet Amarillis by a spring's
Soft and soul-melting murmurings
Slept, and thus sleeping, thither flew
A Robin Red-breast who at view,
Not seeing her at all to stir,
Brought leaves and moss to cover her.

While this winged sexton busied himself, Amarillis opened her eyes—

At which poor Robin flew away,
And seeing her, not dead, but all desleaved,
He chirpt for joy to see himself deceaved.

Even the poets of the artificial centuries were tender in their treatment of the little "faithful bird."

AN EPITAPH ON A ROBIN RED-BREAST

(By Samuel Rogers)

Tread lightly here ; for here, 'tis said
When piping winds are hushed around,
A small note wakes from underground,
Where now his tiny bones are laid,
No more in lone and leafless groves
With ruffled wing and faded breast
His friendless, homeless spirit roves.
Gone to the world where birds are blessed,
Where never cat glides o'er the green
Or school-boy's giant form is seen,
But Love and Joy and smiling Spring
Inspire their little souls to sing.

XXXVII

RETURN to our Robins. It was believed by the ancients that Nightingales were transformed into Red-breasts, and the birds "with bugle eyes and rosy breast" that frequented the haunts of man in autumn and winter were the birds which had sung as Nightingales through the past spring and summer. Reference to a similar belief is to be found in old English bird-lore.

The folk-names for Robins in some instances bear out the myth.

In *L'Histoire Naturelle des Oiseaux* (Paris, 1769), among a list of provincial names by which Robins were known, it is stated that the birds were known in Brittany as *Rossignol d'Hiver.* Some of the provincial names given are picturesque and pretty—near Orleans, *Marion la Reuche*; in Savoy, *Roy Patan*; round Paris, *Petit coq d'Inde*; in sundry places the Robin was known as *Rossignol de haie* or *d'automne.*

With regard to Robin Red-breasts as weather prophets, the *Histoire Naturelle des Oiseaux* contains the following information :—

"Les gens de la campagne prédisent même par son chant le temps qu'il doit faire ; car si elle chante au pied d'une haie, c'est signe de pluie ; si, au contraire, elle chante perchée sur le sommet d'un arbre, elle annonce du beau temps."

So, in fair or foul weather—

> Hark, hark with what a pretty note
> Poor Robin Red-breast tunes his throat.

Robin Red-breasts remain true to type, and do not change with the times. A Robin's tree was his castle ever since Robins have been known and loved.

"Una arbor non capit duos erithacos" is a proverb that has been quoted through the centuries in regard to the bird's refusal to allow another of his species to share the tree or shrub in which he makes his home.

Willughby states that Cock-Robins suffer from cramp and dizziness; a spider is recommended as medicine for the first complaint, an earwig for the second. The proximity of bay leaves is spoken of as likely to be conducive to their well-being.

The same writer gives the weight of a Robin as half an ounce, so bulk is not necessary as a shrine for a fiery and loving heart.

Among legends connected with the Robin Red-breast there are two—versions of which I will transcribe—which pre-eminently show the almost sacred character which for many centuries the bird has borne.

"A Robin Red-breast, on the day of the Crucifixion, about the seventh hour, nestled upon the crown of Syrian thorns and tried to turn aside one of the cruel spikes from our Saviour's brow. The Robin strove in vain, and only rent his own soft breast until blood flowed over his feathers from the wound. Then a voice from the angels promised that, from that hour, birds of his kind should wear upon their breast the hue and banner of his blood. The children of every home should yearn with a natural love towards the little bird of the ruddy breast."

The other superstition tells that the Robin in his pity goes daily to the infernal pit, where the souls of the damned are punished for their sins, bearing in his bill a drop of water with which to quench the flames. So near to the fiery stream does he venture himself that the feathers of his breast are scorched by the heat. When he returns from the land of fire he feels the cold of winter far more than do his brother birds. He shivers in the blast and seeks admittance at the door or windows, entering the holy church or the house of man for the sake of warmth and shelter.

One day I was alone in a wood. All around was very quiet and very green, the sunlight flickering through emerald leaves upon the mossy turf and roots of the great trees.

Presently through the silence I seemed to hear a wailing voice cry, "Robin, . . . Robin, . . . Robin Red-breast, . . . come."

The words of Webster's dirge came to me, and with them a sense of vague dread—

> Call for the Robin Red-breast and the Wren
> Since o'er shady groves they hover,
> And with leaves and flowers do cover
> The friendless bodies of unburied men.

"Who needs Robin Red-breast?" my floating thoughts said.

Then a cloud veiled the sun, and the spaces of bright sunlight, that had dappled the green moss with luminous gold, faded; and the wood grew dark and mystically horrible.

> Call for the Robin Red-breast and the Wren.

When I reached home, some one, on the look-out, met me—a black-bordered envelope in her hand.

XXXVIII

I HAVE been to-day in company with a fairy or a native of the sea-coast of Bohemia.

As the books in my possession do not include *The Elfin Court Guide* or *Who's Who on the Sea-coast of Bohemia*, I am unable to satisfy myself on this question at present. (My copy of the *Red Book* fails also to mention if the persons whose addresses are given therein are of fairy or ordinary lineage. The second book referred to cannot, I know, be obtained from book-club or library. "Not in general demand" was the answer received to my request that it might be added to the volumes already in circulation.)

The friend of whose origin I am therefore ignorant has but to touch the most prosaic objects—things as commonly seen as were pumpkins in a garden and mice in a barn by *Cinderella*—and lo and behold, even without the waving of a black wand a wonderful transformation is effected.

My fairy godmother lady has been on a journey lately; and a very dead-alive, dull, fatiguing expedition the journey in question would have proved in the relation had the rest of us made it. I yawn from suggestion if I even think of the boredom all who listened must have suffered, had Mrs. Goodall or Mr. Blenkinsop, after covering the same ground, told the tale of their travels.

Germany and Switzerland, *via* Ostend, according

to the tickets and trunk labels ; but very far removed from the Germany and Switzerland "*via* Ostend" of the usual tourist were the lines of route visited by the fairy lady.

Lands of chivalry and romance, of idyllic mountain scenes, of river and ocean voyaging, while the crescent moon and the great stars hung as silver lamps above the charmèd waves. The Queen of Hearts came into the story (as was meet on the sea-coast of Bohemia), and that Prince of romance, Prince Rupert, kinsman of a King of sorrow ; and the flower and chivalry of an army ; and a cathedral, where angels hovered over mystic altars ; and a little humpback sacristan, whose bodily infirmities but increased his spiritual power ; and an exquisitely beautiful young woman from the land of the Pilgrim Fathers. Such are not Mrs. Goodall's or Mr. Blenkinsop's visions in any land through which they travel.

So much for Germany *via* Ostend when seen by this fairy lady—then Switzerland.

Switzerland was no more the Switzerland of Cook's tourists, of monster hotels, of funicular railways—but a region of virgin snows, of mountains undefiled by the feet of the trippers, of Alpine slopes enamelled with flowers, of lush silent valleys where "no personally-conducted party" ever came.

Over and above the artist's gift of elimination, surely we have some magic at work here—magic that not only leads the traveller through countries fair as the Garden of the Hesperides, but carries those who sit by a London fireside and listen to the story far and far away as might a magic carpet.

With quite a shock of surprise, a shock as of sudden disconnection with environment, I saw, while

the fairy lady was with me, the evening paper brought in, and heard another visitor's name announced—a visitor whose hand clasped a card-case. The appearance of Jason and his Golden Fleece, or the MS. of Herrick's poem *To Meadows*, the ink still wet as when it left the poet's hand, would have surprised me far less.

I sometimes think I should like to set my fairy lady the task of transforming all manner of dull and ugly things into beautiful and romantic form.

I should like to see how her art could produce things of good report from such thoroughly unpromising ingredients as ten minutes, for instance, spent at Clapham Junction or on the platform of an underground railway station.

Clapham Junction or the underground railway station would doubtless be transformed into some magical region such as Prospero's Isle. The rippling sound of the waves, rolling in over the ribbed sand of the sea-coast of Bohemia, would hush to silence the sound of engines and trains and all the prosaic hurry and bustle of a workaday world.

"Le style c'est l'homme," and "le style" in this case is one which, with no straining of the medium, can, telling of the prosaic, bring into sight fairyland and romance.

XXXIX

With a eulogy of the journey and an invitation to others to follow in his footsteps, Xavier de Maistre tells the story of his *Voyage autour de ma Chambre.*

In the present state of science it is a rash person who dares to say that what his senses perceive is the limit of what exists; and did I dare to attempt an exploration of my room, it is quite possible that I should omit the features of most interest.

Because my eyes fail to see heavenly visitants, I am not prepared to deny that angels may float through the room, or that the spiral shaft of sunlight that gleams sometimes among the dim shadows is not, in truth, a very Jacob's Ladder. I see above my bed a silken scroll with the words *Vincit qui Patitur*, embroidered and emblazoned with flowers. I see beside my sofa a folding screen panelled, under glass, with colour-prints of radiant-hued birds; but I am not prepared to say that a guardian angel could not be seen, near scroll or screen, by a clearer, more spiritual vision than my own. There may be presences, too, brought by thought and longing—the presence of those who have put off mortality and passed from the earth to a plane nearer Heaven, and yet have not forgotten the old human ties and affections. Thinking these thoughts, the material objects around me, if it were not for association and suggestion, would seem wanting in interest, but for

the fact that they are the result of human labour and human endeavour and design.

As I look across the room I see a tall old English clock—a labour of love, I think, to the designer and the artificer, so beautifully and carefully wrought is the work of the dial, where cherubs figure, and so perfect in pattern and execution the inlay of the case.

The clock tells the days of the month as well as the hours and minutes of time. And where do you think that I found the clock, which now stands erect and stately upon the shining parquet of the drawing-room floor? I found the clock in a wood.

One fine morning in the spring of the year I made my way into a wood. The ordnance map shows the site of the wood to be in the country sacred to oxlips, and many of the neighbouring woods on that spring morning had spread fragrant carpets of those pale East-Anglian flowers. But the wood wherein I found the clock had for pavement blue wild hyacinths set in such compact, close array that I paused before entering, as to tread flowers down underfoot is a heinous offence. Up above, this wood had hung out a heavily fretted silver net of wild-cherry blossom between the dim sapphire of the hyacinths and the deep azure of the sky.

In the midst of the wood, and well concealed by the undergrowth and overhanging trees, a little, low, one-storied cottage nestled—an ideal cottage in a wood. I had come to visit the occupant of the cottage, whose pretty name was Myra Lovell.

"Do you chance to want a clock?" my hostess said presently, when we had spoken of such mundane affairs as laundry-work and the sending home of a guest's linen betimes.

"Shadrach bought that clock, there by the settle, last week at Mister Lamb's sale," Myra went on to tell, adding that she and her brother being already provided with a clock "same as grandmother had, we've no use for another; but it went cheap, so Shadrach thought as how he might as well bring it back. If you can do with one you're welcome to it—for what he gave."

Yes, this tiny cottage room contained two beautiful tall clocks, the height of the low ceiling, ticking, ticking solemnly away, side by side, to the accompaniment of the songs of the birds and the call of a Cuckoo.

That evening, the woodman's work over, Shadrach wheeled the clock in a wheelbarrow from the cottage in the wood to the house which I called home. Since then it has travelled farther—back, indeed, to the London where it was made ("Joseph Knibb, Londini, fecit," is engraved upon the old dial); and now for a long time the clock has been ticking, ticking, not to the sound of Larks and Cuckoos by day and Nightingales by night, but to the sound of street traffic and the bells of the nearest church.

Near to the tall clock stands an old Indian jar bordered with a metal band, and nearly big enough to afford one of Aladdin's forty thieves a place of concealment. A gilded dragon serves for handle to the lid, and the colour of the china is a deep Indian blue of jewel-like brilliancy and depth—the blue is powdered with gold. The jar came to me straight from precincts where through the ages splendour and seclusion had reigned. From that sequestered pomp to a simply furnished English drawing-room, where books, new and old, contest every inch of space, is a long journey. The spices embalming the dried

rose-leaves stored in the jar give back some faint aromatic fragrance that is not English.

This survey brings me next to a standstill before the alabaster Lion. The Lion is strongly and clearly cut, and of alabaster is the plinth upon which he stands. The alabaster Lion's mane is magnificent. One paw is raised, and supported by an alabaster ball. He likewise came to me from the East, travelling westward, as did the Bird of India a few years earlier.

There is a link connecting the Bird of India and the Lion, unsuspected by me when first the two met. A friend, on her return from Venice lately, told me that she had seen, forming part of the great candelabra in the Basilica of S. Mark, a bird hanging from a chain, which is the exact image of the bird that is poised, hanging from a chain too, above my bed. (Experts had told me before that the Bird of India is Byzantine.) The Lion, of course, is the emblem of S. Mark—unless there is a cross stamped upon a nimbus, "which is the sign of the Lion who conquered death by the resurrection, and slept in the tomb with open eyes and heart awake."

Sometimes I think that the Bird of India has shown himself more fully reconciled to his lot since the Lion came to share his captivity; and if my surmise is correct it is natural enough that it should be so. Of course, being the Bird of India, he has never actually told me this in so many words. The Bird of India has always carried reticence to a Trappist-like point and allowed me to discover for myself all that I know concerning him — scarcely showing pleasure or displeasure, befall what might. But one solitary request has he ever deigned to make me. The nature of this request I will now disclose.

Day-Book of Bethia Hardacre

Some years ago I gave up a section of a Day-book to the Bird of India, to the mystery of his silence and air of complete and eternal calm. "The Bird of India," I wrote, "was fashioned by one of the patient craftsmen of India long long ago. He is made of brass, and of brass, too, is the chain attached to which he hangs."

The Bird of India has brought home to me, by the subtle, wordless influence of which he is a past-master, that it would be difficult to convey a greater number of misstatements in as few words than does the sentence I quote. He is Byzantine, not Indian. No Indian craftsman had a hand in fashioning him. He is not made of brass, but of an alloy in which GOLD forms a component part.

"Yes, there is gold in many of these old alloys," in regard to this elemental question of the Bird of India's being, an expert said once as he handled him.

It was the accusation of base birth which had wounded the Bird of India too sorely for endurance. His pride of race suffered; and the honour of the craftsman who shaped him was involved.

He called on me to recant.

The weekly visit to the scullery for cleaning purposes, too, is a thing of the past. The Bird of India, with a liberal measure of gold in his alloy, felt himself to have lost caste by this derogatory descent. His weekly cleaning with metal-polish still continues, but the metal-polish is applied in bathroom or dressing-room, as befits his state. Of course, apart from racial instinct, it was natural, with all that gold about him, that the Bird of India should object to go downstairs.

I try to speak of him as the Bird of Byzantium, but the old name clings, and it *was* from India that

he came to me, and he *had* hung in a Holy Temple for many many hundreds of years.

If the Bird of India would speak of all that he has seen since the beginning, the story of origins would enthral the listeners who heard what he has to tell.

XL

I HAVE just returned from a round of visits to the castles in the air of other folk, and I must admit that in some cases the accommodation for visitors is hopelessly inadequate.

Sometimes in the largest, most important-looking castles, so much space is given up to the owner for his or her sole use that no one else could find accommodation at all—castles of palatial dimensions in fact, very Hatfields or Chatsworths in the air, with no nook or corner available for guests. This was sometimes the case when, from the owner of the castle's present mode of life and demeanour, you would have imagined him to be of gregarious instincts and inclinations, and content to pass his life in the bosom of his family and friends.

One gentleman who walked out every Sunday afternoon in company of his wife and children, who furthermore allowed his dressing-room to be turned into a bedchamber for his youngest son, owned a castle in the air 10,000 miles from everywhere and everybody.

A lady, too, who gave herself up to the education of her nieces, and ministered, during her spare moments, to all the aged members of her family, owned a castle in the air which was absolutely human-nature proof, only open to the birds of the air and some beautiful spaniel dogs.

Again, I found when the castle in the air was a joint possession of husband and wife, brother and sister, or of two friends, such vagueness often existed, such a blurring of lines and confusion of plans, such indefinite, or rather conflicting, notions, that it was impossible to discover for what purposes rooms had been constructed, or what style of architecture was intended.

I remember a library that was both high and low as to the ceiling, that had comfortable window-seats and French windows opening to the ground; and I remember a drawing-room where the floor was parquet, pure and simple, and covered from wall to wall with a velvet-pile carpet.

It was confusing to a nightmare extent.

Sometimes, too, I found the castle in the air in the joint occupation of its owner and another mortal; and this other mortal was by no means invariably the person who occupied the owner's mundane dwelling-place. In fact, in these cases I often felt myself *de trop*; and so plainly did I recognise the mischief, and scandal even, which would result from indiscreet disclosures, that I think it best and safest to say no more on this point.

Revelations on the subject might be more startling than pleasant to all concerned.

What struck me, also, more than once, was the complete want of harmony between the material condition of the owner and his castle.

A harassed, careworn, out-at-elbow dweller in a mean London back-street, a clerk striving to stretch out a miserable pittance to the cost of a wife's long illness and the education of half a dozen children, owned a lovely Highland demesne.

A retired prize-fighter, this man's near neighbour, was in possession of a rose-embowered cottage and a

garden bird-haunted and famed for rare and delicate flowers.

A woman tied to a bed of sickness, working out a life sentence between four walls, could call a fairy yacht, sailing over summer seas, her own.

A mother whose idolised boy had broken her heart by his ill-conduct, was in possession of a comfortable well-ordered abode, wherein the fireside happiness of bairns and wife was this ne'er-do-weel son's sole aim and object.

Then, in many castles in the air, there were locked doors and shuttered windows—secret chambers barred and bolted, into which no one but the owner might enter or even hope for admittance. In the majority of these cases no one but the owner knew of the existence of the building, and the secret of its existence was as jealously kept as if a corroding process, similar to that of the London atmosphere on stone and brick-work, would be the result of disclosure.

I found, too, the ruins of shattered castles, and these ruins suggested the sadness of sadness and the mutability of hope.

I found one ruined castle, a castle of great beauty, deserted and neglected, domed by a cold grey sky, and surrounded with leafless, dying trees, from the branches of which the frightened birds had flown.

"She for whom I built proved faithless," the legend of this castle ran.

Not long afterwards I came upon the site of another ruined castle, once a most splendid castle in the air, no stone of which stood upon another. "Razed to the ground the day my only child died," the inscription here said.

XLI

One of the woodcuts in Brandt's *Ship of Fools*, published about the year 1494, depicts a "Disturber of Church Service" in the person of a gentleman *très à la mode*, according to the canons of the world of fashion of the day.

This exquisite—with fool's-cap thrown back to display his elaborately curled hair—wears long pointed shoes, and longer clogs projecting beyond them. He is accompanied by dogs, and carries a Hawk upon his wrist. The carrying of such a hunting-bird was looked upon as an insignia of gentle blood, and therefore an indispensable adjunct to the "get up" of persons of quality of either sex.

Falcons were held in such high esteem during the Middle Ages and the Renaissance period, Lacroix states, that "a nobleman and his lady never appeared in public without a Hawk on the wrist as a mark of dignity. . . . The bird, like the sword, was a distinctive mark which was inseparable from the person of gentle birth; who frequently even went to war with the Falcon on his wrist. During the battle he would make his squire hold the bird, which he replaced on his gauntlet when the fight was over. In fact, it was forbidden by the laws of chivalry for persons to give up their birds, even as a ransom, should they be made prisoners; in which case they had to let the noble birds fly, in order that they might not share their owner's captivity."

The surrender of a Hawk was considered an act of baseness wholly impossible to a man of honour, bound by the laws of chivalry.

As to the practice of taking hunting-birds to church, even bishops and abbots followed the prevailing custom, and not only brought their Falcons into the sacred edifice, but placed them on the very steps of the altar during service time. In regard to the introduction of mundane dignities into sacred affairs, we read in *The Broadstone of Honour* that "in the Middle Ages the most capricious symbols of rank were admitted into the churches. The treasurer of the Church at Auxerre had the privilege of assisting at divine service with a Hawk on his fist, and the Lord of Sarsai enjoyed the distinction of perching his Falcons on the edge of the altar." Of interest, too, is an entry in the register of the Bishop of Nivernois, quoted in a footnote to Warton's *History of English Poetry*: "In the year 1287 it was covenanted that whenever the Bishop celebrated mass in S. Mary's Abbey the Abbess should present him with a Peacock and a cup of spiced wine."

The love of King Edward III. for the sport of hawking was so great that when he invaded France, among "other things necessary," it is recorded by Froissart, were thirty mounted Falconers (trent Fauconiers à cheval) in charge of the royal Hawks; and during the campaign, whilst "the King rode about the country destroying all before him, he constantly indulged in his favourite pastime." "The King had a XXX Falconers a-horseback with Hawks" (I quote from Lord Berners' translation of the *Chronicles*), "and a LX couple of Hounds and

as many Greyhounds. So that near every day either he hunted or hawked at the river, as it pleased him ; and divers others of the great lords had Hounds and Hawks as well as the King." The description of carriages, tents, pavilions, mills, ovens, and forges with which the invading army was "loaded up" recalls the kitchen ranges and pianos that were said to form a component part of "flying columns" in the Boer War.

From a wardrobe account in the reign of King Edward I. we find that a halfpenny a day was allowed for the keep of a Falcon when in the King's Mews, the same price as that allowed for a Greyhound.

It was in the reign of Edward III. that the punishment, already heavy, for stealing or concealing a Hawk was increased and made a felony.

"In the same reign," I here quote from Strutt, "the Bishop of Ely excommunicated certain persons for stealing a Hawk that was sitting upon her perch in the cloisters of Bermondsey in Southwark. . . . This piece of sacrilege was committed during Divine Service in the Choir ; and the Hawk was the property of the Bishop."

The fondness of the clergy for falconry, as well as for hunting, was a frequent subject for complaint and satire until the Reformation deprived the spiritual lords of the facilities hitherto enjoyed for indulging in their favourite and time-honoured diversion.

Henry Peacham, author of *The Compleat Gentleman*, after mentioning hawking as a recreation "very commendable and befitting a noble or gentleman to exercise," goes on to say that "by the Canon-law hawking was forbidden unto clergymen (as

afterward hunting), by reason the exercise and instruments wherewith beasts are slain are military, and not so well agreeing (as they give the reason) with spiritual warfare; but I cannot see but that they (many of them being great princes and pillars of the Church daily employed and pressed with the weight of State affairs) may have their recreations as well as others. But to prevent their pastime there is such an order taken with their Parks that many of our best Bishopricks can nowadays scarce show one of ten or twenty. Norwich had thirteen Parks, and of all others was most unjustly dealt withall."

For the accommodation of the Hawks of travellers and pilgrims of gentle birth, perches were provided of old near the fireplaces in the living-rooms of inns.

From Gervase Markham we learn that Falcons-gentle, Merlins, Hobbies, and Sparrow-hawks are all "hardy, meek, and loving to the man"; and they are trained or "manned," among other means, by "a continual carrying them upon your fist and by a familiar stroking and playing with them . . . and by often gazing and looking them in the face with a loving and gentle countenance and so making them acquainted with the man."

In case any lover of birds should take a fancy to bathe a Hawk, I will now transcribe old Markham's instructions for the due carrying out of the undertaking:—

"You shall spy out a fair day when the weather and air is most temperate, and carry your Hawk to some fair little shallow sandy running brook or rundle where the water is quiet and still and where your Hawk may stand up to the mid-thigh therein,

and having pricked her down and made her fast by the verge thereof, you shall take off her hood and go a little way from her and see whether she will bathe therein; but if you find her fearful of the water, you shall with a little stick paddle in the water awhile before her and then depart from her again and let her then bathe therein as long as she pleases; this done, you shall take her upon your fist and give her a bit or two of meat; then hold her in the sun and let her prick, prune, and dry herself again . . . this bathing giveth a Hawk courage, boldness, and a great appetite. . . . If it be in the winter that your Hawk batheth when no sun shineth, you may then dry her well by the gentle air of the fire or otherwise."

For some centuries before the Civil Wars "to speak the hawking language" was a branch of polite learning essential to the education of a gentleman, and the language, picturesque and lending itself to poetic imagery, was a valuable asset in the equipment of the poets and dramatists. Chaucer "with grey Gos-hawk in hand," Spenser, Sidney, Shakespeare, Nash, Massinger, Heywood, Ben Jonson, Fletcher, and many more, used the language of falconry, emblematical, literal, or both, for high poetic purpose. The art of falconry, in common with all other sports and pastimes, suffered serious eclipse from the ascendency of Puritanism, and was never more to regain its former status. But the phraseology sacred to falconry survived in poetry when no longer used for practical purposes. The learned author of *The Diary of Master William Silence*, from whose volume much of interest on this and kindred subjects is to be learnt, states that Dryden was the last classic English writer who wrote the

hawking language with the accuracy of the great masters of English verse.

Willughby's *Ornithology* shows many engravings of Hawks—the long-winged Falcon, Ger-falcon, Merlin, Hobby; the short-winged Goshawk and Sparrow-hawk, etc.; and the terms of art used in falconry are explained. Rules from Tubervile, Latham, and Aldrovandus to be observed for the well-being of the birds are given, and the falconer is recommended to have his bed in the mew: from which word, of course, the modern word mews is derived. The directions make plain the great care and constant attention needed for the due ordering of Hawks.

More attractive than the copper-plate engravings given by Willughby of the various Hawks are some old French colour-prints in my possession. These colour-prints, some of which, framed, adorn the walls of the room wherein I write, show the beauty of plumage and the distinction of appearance that characterise that once-renowned hunting-bird.

The "nobility" of the Falcon will go unchallenged by me—indeed, I am prepared to defend the claim against any one who questions this ancient patent of bird nobility, the creation of long ago; and as no Falcon has ever been proved guilty of high treason or of felony, there can, I imagine, be no legal forfeiture of nobility by attainder. As to degrading the Falcon by Act of Parliament, the present House of Commons, meddlesome and mischievous as it is, has perhaps enough to occupy it without including a crusade against the feathered Lords in its programme.

XLII

"PUT *Le Miroir des Grâces* beside the little old *New Testament.*"

The books were being arranged.

"Put it back where you found it. Was it not beside the little *New Testament* before?" I went on.

"It *was* there before," the person addressed answered, latent disapproval in her tone.

"Well, put it back, please. Put *Le Miroir des Grâces* beside the little *New Testament.*"

There was no gainsaying an order spoken in those tones. The books, dusted and straightened, were ranged on the shelves, *Le Miroir des Grâces* side by side with the little old *New Testament* once more.

Le Miroir des Grâces is still a very pretty little book. Faded, and wearing an air of old-world quality, it has gained in attractiveness, perhaps, with the passing of time, though its pale-blue watered-silk cover, charmingly tooled with gold, and its rose-coloured lining, lost their freshness years ago.

Le Miroir des Grâces has for sub-title *Dictionnaire de Parure et de Toilette.*

It is *dédié aux Dames*, and published at Rue St. Jacques No. 54, Paris.

But it is the inscription on the fly-leaf, not the title-page, that has won the book its place beside the little old New Testament.

Day-Book of Bethia Hardacre

On the fly-leaf is written, in the delicate, pointed handwriting of gentlewomen a century or so ago, "The Chantry, 7th January 1824, from Col. Bandon at Paris," and then below, "Emily Dacre."

The little *Dictionnaire de Parure et de Toilette* is illustrated, and the illustrations are coloured.

There is a page of earrings *à la mode*, of buckles, of purses (long purses with cut-steel rings, and purses in the form of bags, and a quaint little purse fashioned in the form of an envelope). There is a page of necklaces, and one of corals—corals cut into earrings and bracelets and crosses. There is a page of delicately coloured and fashioned fans—*évent-ails* is a prettier name. There is a page inscribed *fleurs*, and this last is followed by an abridged *Dictionnaire du Langage de fleurs ou de leurs emblèmes*; and then comes a page of *jarretières*—the most elegant and fantastic garters imaginable, surely—pale pink, sea-green, lilac, blue, amber, embroidered in fanciful designs, as fanciful as any young Miss or Madam ever wore.

Then there are pages of precious stones, *diamant*, *emeraude*, *améthyste*, *hyacinthe*, *opale*, *œil-de-chat*, *rubis*, and many more. Then we have a page of feathers, and one of faint-hued old-world ribands; and last, two pages of *sacs gibecières*—charming bags, such as a Pamela or Clarissa of other days might have called her own. One there is in particular better suited to Titania than to the requirements of any mortal lady, of dim lilac hue, fluted like a cockle-shell, and clasped by a delicate silver clasp.

Le Miroir des Grâces closes with a nicely engraved almanac adorned with the signs of the zodiac, the year being 1822; so Col. Bandon at Paris sent the book soon after its publication to Miss

Dacre, she receiving it at "The Chantry" on the 7th January 1822.

Emily Dacre, whose name is written in *Le Miroir des Grâces*, married, not Colonel Bandon, but Sir Antrobus Holt—Bussy Holt, as his contemporaries named him.

A fox-hunting, loud-voiced, red-faced gentleman, no more troubled with subtilties of emotion than with nerves, Bussy Holt was perfectly well satisfied with his bargain in marrying Emily Dacre. If, during the years that followed, Lady Holt's health flagged a little, her sons did not inherit their mother's delicacy, and those were not the days when robustness of health was expected, or indeed admired, in show specimens of fine ladyhood.

Tradition, by the voice of my grandmother, Emily Dacre's sister, tells that worthy Sir John accepted his wife's highly-strung nerves and fits of illness with that sustaining philosophy which is the outcome of purblindness and fatuous self-content. He was proud of his wife's rare beauty, and more than one portrait of Emily, Lady Holt, adorns the walls of The Dene.

Lady Holt brought several sons, but not a daughter, into the world; and when she died she bequeathed certain feminine effects to my mother, who was her favourite niece.

Amongst these was the little *Miroir des Grâces*.

The book had been for some years in my possession when one day I showed it to a friend. Opening it at the fly-leaf on which the inscription I have quoted is written, I said, "Do you not think there must have been a romance there?"

"Colonel Bandon at Paris," Alice Marsham repeated. "Why, he was one of my father's

people. My father's name was Bandon before he changed it on inheriting the Lincolnshire property which came to him years ago. 'Emily Dacre?'" she went on. "Do you know that I discovered a little *New Testament* that belonged to Colonel Bandon on one of the upper shelves in the library at home. 'From E. D.' is written upon a slip of paper which is pasted inside. The date is a year later than the date in *Le Miroir des Grâces*. I believe that my father, who was with Colonel Bandon when he was dying, found the *New Testament* under his pillow, and it was not sold when many of the Bandon books were."

Alice thought for a minute and then said, "I think I must get it for you. I feel as if that *New Testament* and *Le Miroir des Grâces* ought by rights to be together. Sir Antrobus Holt would not object, I suppose!"

"Did 'Colonel Bandon at Paris' ever marry?" I asked, and was absurdly anxious for the answer.

"No, he never married," Alice replied. "People wondered why he did not, I believe, for he was very popular and charming, my mother used to say."

And this is why the little old *New Testament*, bound in stamped purple leather, the edges worn as if by much use, and *Le Miroir des Grâces*, in its pale-blue watered-silk cover, stand beside one another on a shelf in my bookcase many years after those who gave them and held them passed away.

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Beyond the ken of mortal eyes
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